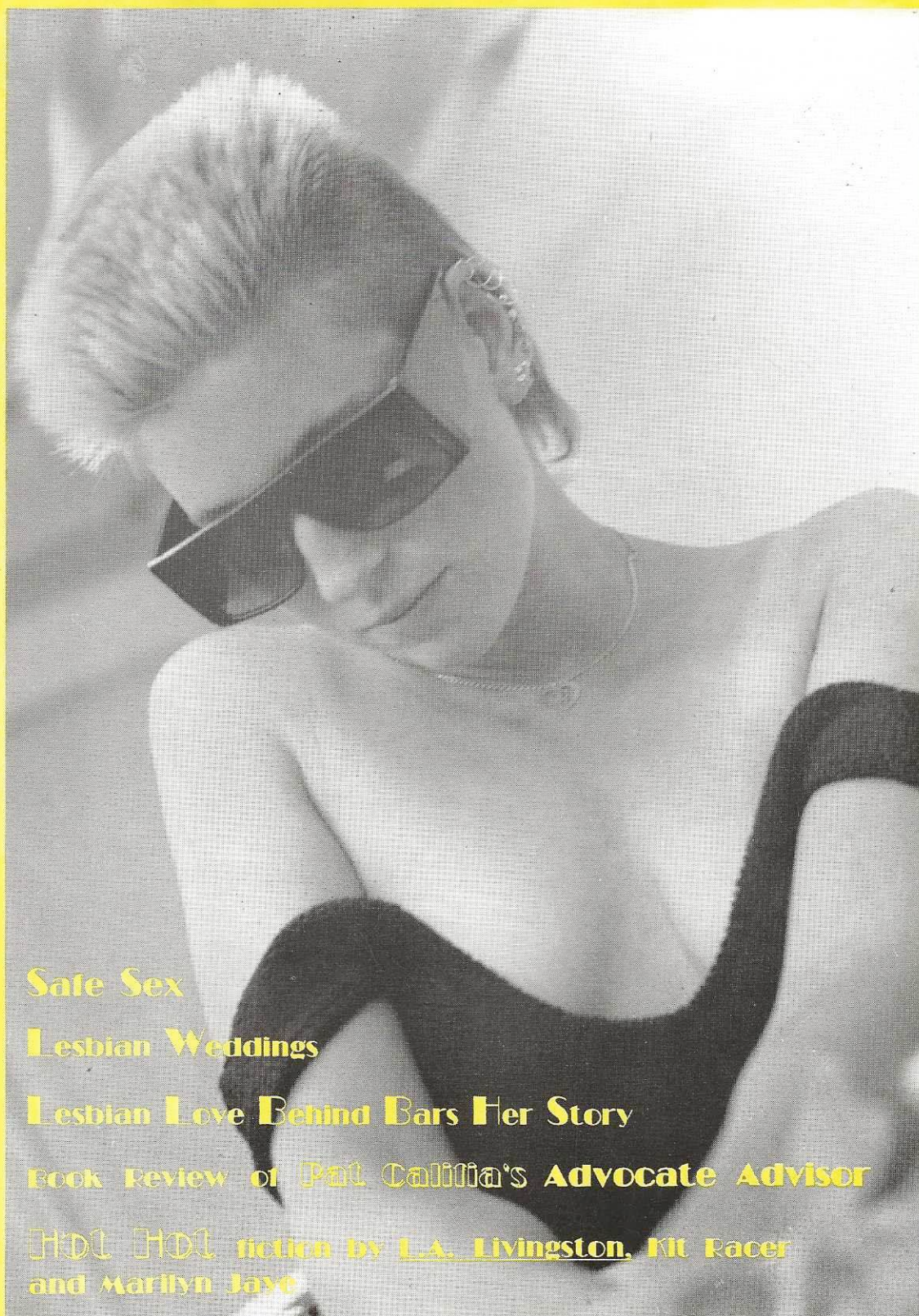


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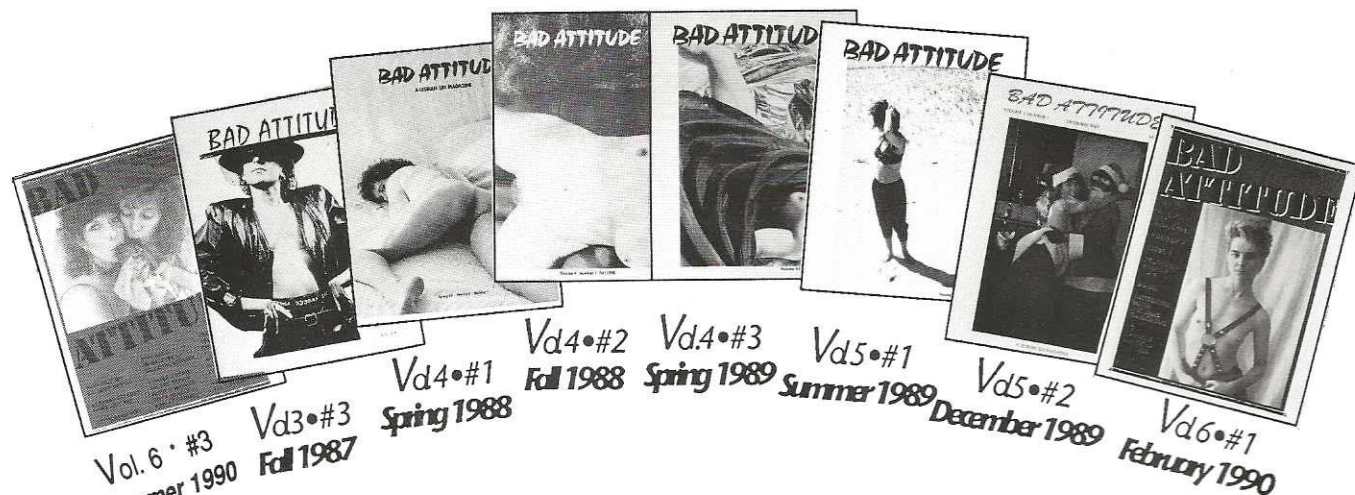
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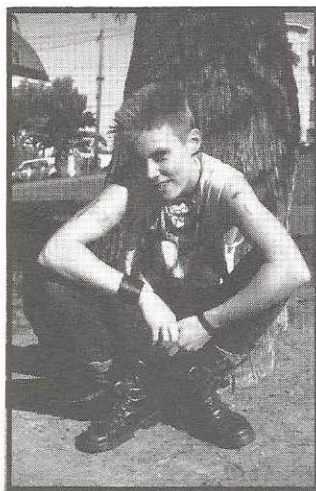
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"To Do or Not To Do" That is the Question?

It is our right as gay people to be able to legally marry the partner of our choice. Why make it legal..?

Some of us want the marriage certificate, inheritance rights, tax breaks, insurance benefits, commitment etc.,

Of course we must keep in mind that with the good comes the bad, and we must consider divorce, child support, spousal support, division of property and all the other so called problems that go along with the dissolution of marriage.

I'm not saying we should mimic heterosexuals, marriage is not for everyone whether they are gay or straight. As an example I grew up never wanting marriage for I didn't like the roles that I saw my parents playing. My well educated mother stayed home never working and raising me and my 2 sisters. She loved us very much but I saw her frustration when she resorted to pills, alcohol and the absolute worst. . . soap operas to get through the day! No I didn't want to be like my mother.

Of course I know now marriage doesn't have to mean being a housewife. Instead I see it as a statement that we as gay women wish to make to the world to show we have a special commitment with our mate. We want to publicly celebrate this union and be taken seriously. It feels so good! We should be able to live openly in this world with our lovers and get the same respect as heterosexuals. That includes our right to have children through adoption as well as naturally.

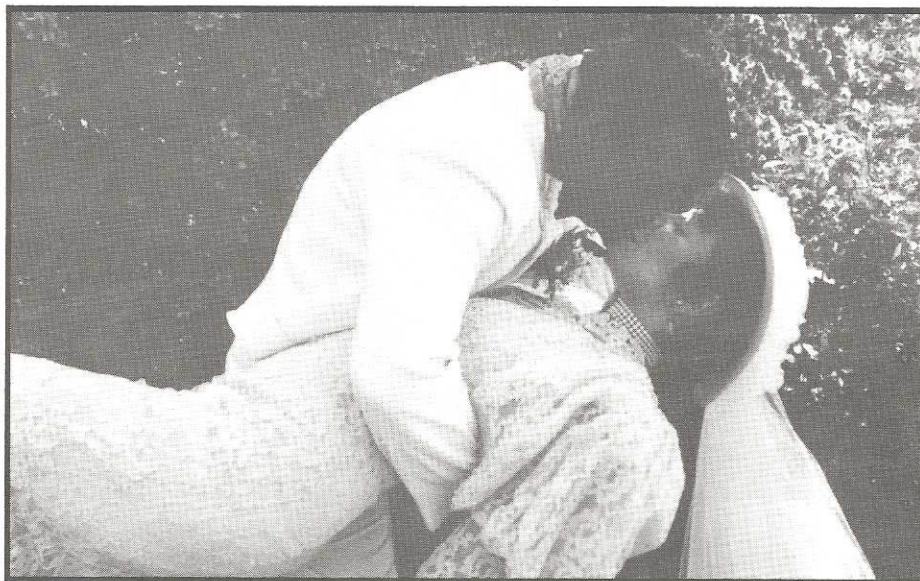
Two women lovers I know recently married as a heterosexual couple - yes one of the women completely passed as a man. They went through the blood tests, counseling and

interviews with town hall clerks as well as the straight female Justice of the Peace. No one suspected they were a lesbian couple! They had a beautiful outdoor ceremony fully documented by Bad Attitude in a public garden with onlookers. I realize there is nothing new about this. Throughout history women have passed as males in order to legally marry their mates. Why did they do it? I know my two friends wanted to challenge the system, and I give them credit for it. I'm not advocating that all gay women go out and have a heterosexual union but we need also to challenge the system in our own ways.

We've made small strides in that direction. This past February on Valentine's Day in San Francisco gay couples were able to register with the City Hall as domestic partners. The domestic partners law is not a legalized marriage contract but it is a beginning. Legal marriage between same sex couples does not exist in America. Denmark is the only country where same sex marriages are legal. However, even in this liberal country they are not allowed to adopt children, and only Danish citizens can marry. That's why in this issue of Bad Attitude we are celebrating and recognizing three lesbian couples that married. All were celebrated in different ways. Let me know if wedding bells will be ringing for you and your gal, or what you want to do to help legalize gay marriages.



Going to the Chapel



Photograph by Jennie Sullivan

On May 18th, 1991, Hawk & Jasmine were wed by a justice of the peace in a small ceremony taking place within a Victorian garden. Family and friends were not invited simply because their union was as a heterosexual couple! Hawk successfully passed as a man throughout the whole ordeal. They had blood tests (the doctor at the clinic assumed Hawk was a male). The results of these tests were presented at the clerk's office of the City Hall where they were wed. Still no one suspected. There they were granted a license for a small fee, after presenting their drivers' licenses. It's a good thing licenses don't specify our sex. It's also fortunate that Hawk had an androgynous name. Hawk and Jasmine wanted to be taken seriously. They were both upset that gay couples do not have the right in America to legal marriage. I'm sure the little town where

they were wed would be embarrassed when and if they realize they had granted two women a license to marry. At any rate Hawk and Jasmine plan to also have a gay wedding for family and friends as well as an **SM** wedding which will culminate in a branding at a later date.

As a married couple they are entitled to all the same legal rights as any other heterosexual married couple insurance, inheritance, taxes etc. A problem could exist if some one were to challenge their union based on the fact that Hawk passed as a man which could be considered fraud. Therefore, they plan to safeguard this by having contracts drawn up concerning health care, finances and property. As of yet no date has been set for the gay wedding.



V and Whitewolf were married on June 1st, 1991, in a wooded area of Maine by their minister. It was a magic filled ceremony that combined Native American, Celtic and pagan traditions. A reception followed with dancing and refreshments. The cost of the wedding including a 5 day 4 night honeymoon at a bed and breakfast in New Hampshire was amazingly under \$3,000.

V and Whitewolf highly recommend the book A legal Guide for Lesbian and Gay Couples, by attorney Hagden Amy and Denis Clifford. This book gave them all the contracts they needed to protect one another legally. Their living together agreement covers bills, property issues, mediation



Photograph by China

and arbitration as well as health concerns. These documents were signed at the reception with witnesses and a notary public present. V and Whitewolf can not stress how important health care issues are for lesbians in relationships. For instance they have chosen one another as their attorney in fact for health care. Therefore, in an emergency situation, if one is incapacitated or unable to make a decision her lover could intervene. This also gives them visitation rights if one is in intensive care.

Their marriage will be open. They will "play" with other partners, together never alone. They've also set some limits on the sex involved but one thing can be said - it will be SAFE SEX. Both women wish to open up their experiences in order to expand their knowledge of others as well as themselves. Since they are not going to be monogamous why did they get married? They wanted to show the world they made a serious commitment. Being married gives them more incentive to work through the problems, as well as a support system. Besides all of the above reasons they are very much in Love!



Margarita and Claudia were married on June 30th, 1991, at the Arlington Street Church in Boston by a gay minister. Some family members and their children were present. It was a wonderfully traditional ceremony with a reception at the gay women's bar Indigo. A luscious buffet was served and the DJ kept things rocking for hours.



Photograph by Jennie Sullivan

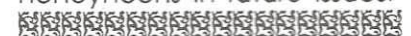
Both Claudia and Margarita have been married before and each has children. They view marriage as the ultimate commitment. They want to show the world how special they are to one another and that they are willing "to go the distance to make it work."

They also drew up contracts based on the Legal Guide for Lesbian and Gay Couples.

Custody of the children is a major concern for Margarita and Claudia, if one of them dies or is incapacitated the other will have custody. They also have agreed to seek couple therapy at the first sign of trouble. Both women plan to take their vows seriously, for monogamy is the biggest reason they married.

We at Bad Attitude want to wish the newlyweds much happiness and unbridled LUST! Maybe if we're lucky,

they'll kiss and tell about their honeynoons in future issues.



Apology to Our Readers

Last month we at Bad Attitude were undergoing some major and some not so major changes that ran us behind schedule, which unfortunately caused us to print an issue not up to our standards. For this we apologize to our loyal readers, and ask you to give a hard look at our new style and tell us what you think. After all we print this magazine for you our loyal (horny) reader!

Please help welcome our "NEW" Art Director "Snow". She's a recent Art graduate from college who's freelancing in Boston to pay the bills while she's living life at its most extreme. She's a gem from the Far East (cover OCT '90) who's as glad to be a part of the Bad Attitude team as we are to have her.



You have
the right to
remain
silent

By: L.B. Brumage

Throughout our entire lives other people have been telling us what we should be thinking, how we should be feeling, what we should be doing. With a little bit of luck (and possibly therapy), we survived these various modes of brainwashing and learned to be ourselves, to do our own thinking, to trust our own feelings. Then along comes the PC Police! Who are they? How do we recognize them? And, perhaps most importantly, how do we survive their wrath? The PC (or politically correct) Police are very hard to recognize on sight. They look pretty much like you and me. They are our friends, our acquaintances, our co-workers. They are the people who would tell us what is and is not correct behavior for a lesbian. Now where this almighty information comes from is a mystery. There must be a Lesbian Moral Majority (LMM) somewhere mulling over the question of the day. Questions like what we should be eating and drinking, what "kind" of sex we should be having, and so on, are being decided for us by the LMM.

Recognizing the PC Police ceases to be a problem from very early on in conversation. You can be sure that if you are drinking the "wrong" beverage, eating the "wrong" food, reading the "wrong" books or magazines, relating your enjoyment of the "wrong" kind of sexual activity, you will be reprimanded on the spot. The conversation generally starts with lines such as "Oh, how PI!" (police lingo for politically incorrect), or "Don't you know we are boycotting X?" (even if they don't know why we should be boycotting XI). The use of the word "correct" presupposes there is only one mode of thinking and all others are incorrect. We are not given the opportunity to disagree with a particular mode of thinking; that would be "incorrect". Simply stated, that is ridiculous. You may not agree with what I do or have the right to make blanket value judgments on my personal choices and political stances (or lack thereof). It seems to me that many of these women haven't even taken the time to decide for themselves what they think about a particular issue and yet feel morally superior as they mouth by rote that which has been handed down as their own minds? I have no problem exchanging ideas with anyone but I do have a problem with anyone who does not respect that I have a mind capable of making my own choices or who feels superior to me as she mindlessly follows the rest of the lesbian lemmings off the cliff into the great abyss of correctness. I don't appreciate being told what I "should" be thinking. I may not necessarily be right and

you may be able to change my mind, but I will not be told that I should not be doing or feeling something simply because the LMM has decided that to be a "good little lesbian" I will do X and will not do Y. Now don't get me wrong, I have a great deal of respect for anyone whose principles or politics are such that they use their power to fight what they see as the wrongs of the world. The problem is not that they have opinions but that they won't allow anyone else to have any. I simply don't think it's politically correct (if I can borrow that term for a moment) to tell anyone else how they should feel or what they should/should not be doing. A much more acceptable mode of behavior would be to share your views with those who may not be aware of why a particular boycott has been undertaken, or why you view a particular publication as offensive and allow everyone else the right to make up their own minds. I'll listen, I'll discuss, I might even agree with you but I will not be told that my views or my preferences are incorrect. I think we should all consider ourselves a part of the LAB (Lesbian Appellate Board). Let's take what the Lesbian Moral Majority has passed down and decide for ourselves what we believe to be "correct" for us as individuals. Then when the PC Police starts to cuff you with their jargon, read them your rights. You have the right to make your own decision and to be treated with respect whatever your choices may be.

continue on page 44

LETTERS

Dear Bad Attitude

Please sign me up for a subscription to Bad Attitude, I enjoy it very much but it seems like every time I get down to the village to PICK up the next issue there are never any left BIG DRAG. So with a subscription I not only support self employed women doing a GREAT JOB!! but I save \$2.30 in subway tokens.

Thank-you

E.J. Lee

Dear Ms. Sterling,

I regretfully am writing to tell you that the magazine, "Bad Attitude" I paid for was confiscated by the mailroom officer Sgt. Davies (a lady !!) because, they say it was obscene. Therefore I am going to wait until I am out of this place, and then I will mail in my subscription. I am enclosing my copy of the confiscation form to let you know I am telling the truth .

The mailroom lets some real "TRASH" come in here like white supremacy crap, but yet they refuse "Bad Attitude" doesn't make much sense. I'm terribly sorry.

Sincerely

B

Dear Bad Attitude

I guess I've always been a teaser. I always liked to dress prettily and get compliments. As I grew up, I became addicted to the compliments. It's good to be a woman because of the

variety of stylish clothing and the many ways we can change our personalities simply by dressing a certain way/style. Only a woman can appreciate the taste and effort one goes through to make herself more attractive. That is why I dress for other women only. It is a thrill when I hear a woman compliment me on how well I look. I know that she appreciates the style and effort I have gone through, and it is a knowledgeable compliment. The

compliment. The compliment can have a deeper meaning. In my daily activities, I have occasion to be alone with women. It's always a disappointment when they bring along a husband or boyfriend. I will dress, hoping for the compliment. I prefer a rather short skirt and heels. I like them to be looked at, and I really tingle when they make a compliment about them. I sit in a way that I can be seen easily, in the car, or on the edge of a desk. When the occasion is appropriate, I enjoy the feel of a feminine hand. I react readily and it's a thrill to see the reaction of the other party when they discover the effect. At first, I like to be the picture of confused innocence. As things progress, I can become very aggressive, which they discover to their delight and surprise. It is a surprise to me to discover how readily this can happen. It affects all types, right across the spectrum of age and social standing. It is exciting, surprising and erotic, and above all a safe

pastime. It's a thrill to just be a woman and let things come my way, and I get a lot of compliments.

Janet, Ma.

It is Pat Califia's wish that we publish the following letter in BA

Timothy McFeeley, Dir.
Human Rights Campaign
Fund
1012 - 14th St. N.W., Suite 607
Washington, DC 20005

Dear Mr. McFeeley:

I was disturbed to learn that HRCF intends to honor Boo Price and Lisa Vogel, owners of the Michigan Women's Music Festival, at a Dec. 1 event in Detroit. Vogel and Price are responsible for banning S/M activity, educational workshops about S/M, and in effect, women who are part of the leather community, from the most recent festival. This bigoted and divisive action seems to me to be unworthy of an organization which features the concept "human rights" in its title. The leather community is a large, well-organized, and vocal part of the gay and lesbian community. In recent years, we have been the target of a disproportionate amount of law enforcement activity directed against our public institutions and media. By honoring these two women, HRCF sends a clear message to the leather community that our interests or needs are not part of your agenda. If HRCF wishes to honor women who have contributed to the cause of lesbian freedom, surely two women can be found who exemplify this better than

Vogel and Price. I am sending a copy of this letter to leather organizations and publications and the gay and lesbian press. Sincerely,
Pat Califia

In come-unity BADNESS
Mawb, Eugene

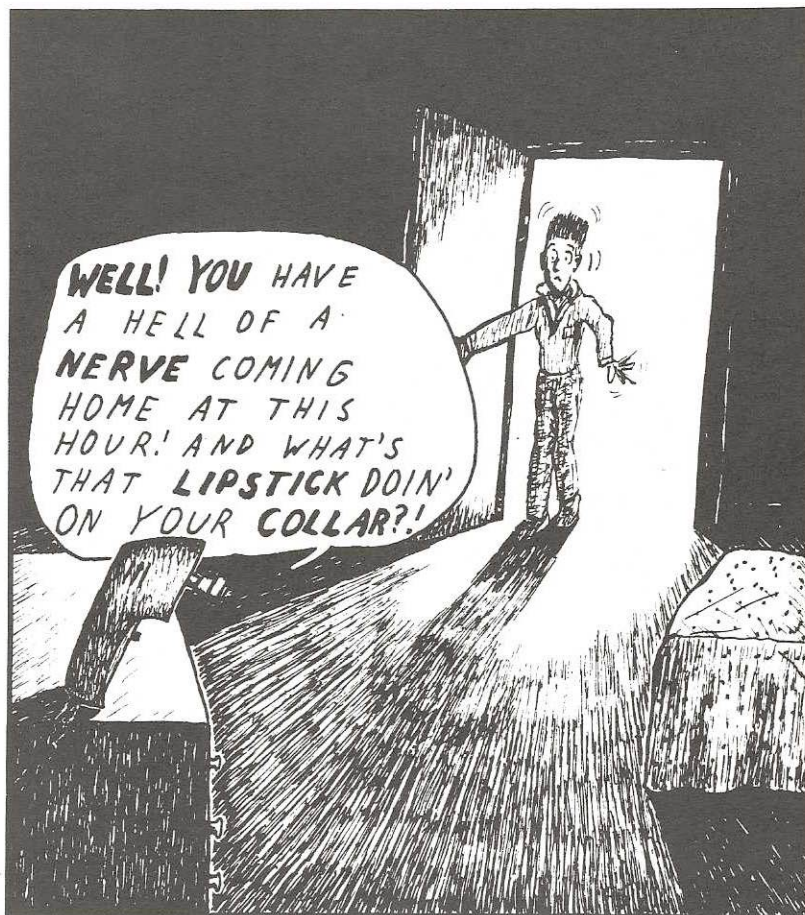


Dear Bad Attitude

On Jan. 1, 1991 I promised myself a couple of books to go along with my new resolutions. Before sending off to the Sexuality Library I thought that I would look first in my local women's book store, Mother Kali's. I am an anarchist-feminist but the super-snobbery of the Eugene Lesbian (not necessarily feminist) community has alienated me considerably and although I prefer to live in Eugene, I choose my friends where I find 'em and don't exactly frequent the women's book store. I was surprised to find Suzy Sexpert's Lesbian Sex World and the Lesbian S/M Safety Manual at Mother K's as well as **BA**. When I was 12 yrs. old my parents began to accuse me of having a bad attitude and that's all I've heard ever since and so I had to look over this publication. Well, you're women after me own heart by Gaulli. I bought the books and your magazine (the Dec.-Jan. issue) making a point to tell the regular book store staff how pleased I was that they carried these publications and that as long as they carried BA I would come into the bookstore to buy it. All of Feb.-March I looked for the next issue but it never arrived nor could I get a straight answer about the reason why. After finally being told over the telephone just now that the bookstore has discontinued **BA**, I have decided to subscribe.

STONEWALL RIOTS

BY ANDREA NATALIE



THE NIGHT AUDREY'S VIBRATOR SPOKE.

Bad Attitude
 Summer 1991
 Vol. VII Number III

This magazine is called Bad Attitude because that's what women who take their sexuality into their own hands (so to speak) are told they have.

Jasmine Sterling ... Editor
Jennie Sullivan ... Photographer
Snow ... Art Director

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Subscriptions are 24 per year (6 issues) for individuals, and \$40 for institutions and overseas subscriptions. Single copies and back issues are \$5 each.

Address all correspondence to Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 390110, Cambridge, Ma. 02139

All Submission must be accompanied by the author's or artist's pen-name, and biographical sketch no longer than 30 words. Written material must be typed and double spaced. Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by a self addressed stamped envelope.

Safety First

By: D. L. Stinson

I am a 35 year old HIV+ dyke living outside, but working in Toronto. My writing reflects a belief that we, as lesbians need to put more effort into eroticizing safer sex.. I live with my lover of 13 years and my cat Greta "the Bitch cat from hell" who maintains strict control over both of us. Your magazine published my story "The Game" in the X-mas 1989 issue.

My breath left me in a rush as she fell to her knees. She looked up, eyes asking. "Go ahead." I said, "you want it." She undid my fly, peeling my pants down like removing the tight skin of a banana. She must have liked what she found. A smile lit up her face. Her eyes became possessive, greedy. She leaned in close, her face pressed against my mound, encircling my legs with her arms. She inhaled, taking the scent of me deep into her lungs. Freeing myself momentarily, I stepped away from the jeans, kicking them out of the way. I didn't want anything to interfere with what was about to

Photograph by China



happen. I handed her a dental dam, gloves, double-sided tape and lube from my bag. "I always come prepared." I said, stressing the word "come". She pulled on the gloves and opened the lube, putting the dental dam and tape close by on the floor. "Just so long as you're prepared to come," she replied. She

began then, using her gloved fingers to spread the lube deep inside my cunt lips. Her hands were strong, the fingers knowing. Looking down, I could see the contrast of our skin as she opened me. She was the consummate artist, taking time and care with her craft. It felt like many, many hands were on me, all seeking to

give me pleasure. She alternated touching me with fingers, then with her palms. The pressure was light now, then heavy as she danced in and out. My cunt opened, welcoming her. She stroked and pressed, tugged and pulled. Closing my eyes, I leaned back against the wall, letting her do me. She felt so good. Legs spread, totally open, I gave myself up to her. I could feel the lube, warmed by my cunt, washing down my thighs. She played me, working ever closer to my clit, pulling the moans from me. "I knew you'd like it," she said, pleased with herself. "Think of how much better it will be when I start to use my mouth." I drew my breath in sharply. My mind flashed a picture of her giving me head, hands holding my ass prisoner, tongue buried deeply in my cunt. I could fuck myself on that tongue, riding it to incredible heights. It would slide over my clit, then lower, filling my tunnel. It would be hot, wet, hard and inescapable. My clit leaped under her fingers. "I can see you also liked the suggestion," she said, redoubling her efforts. Her fingers started playing in and out of me. The latex was wonderfully slick and slippery, the lube allowing easy access. I alternated between feeling gloriously stuffed and aching empty. Tilting my pelvis towards her hands, I tried to capture her fingers and keep them inside me. Silently I begged her to fuck into me, taking me for her own pleasure. I wanted to slide down, pumping myself full of her fist, and feel it stretch me until I couldn't take any more. Looking down, I could see the smile on her face. She

concentrated on her hand, watching it slide between my cunt lips. She began rubbing her fingers over my clit as I rocked to meet her. We moved together in a give and take motion which left me wanting more. Again I closed my eyes, being with the feelings she was generating. Suddenly I was empty. Startled, I looked down to find her reaching for the dental dam and tape. She pulled off two long pieces of tape and placed them on either side of her mouth. Then she stretched the dental dam over the tape, moving back between my legs. Totally into it now, and wanting her mouth, I pulled her back into place. The warmth of her tongue through the latex was an incredible turn-on. I began to hump into her mouth. Her hands kept me spread while her thick hot tongue ground into my cunt. My clit felt hugh--lust-swollen beyond belief. It felt like it was hanging straight down waiting for her to milk it. She attacked roughly, sucking it in, then worrying it with her lips. Shaking her head from side to side, she kept pressure on me until I thought my clit would burst. Almost beyond myself with pleasure, I locked my hands behind her head and fucked into her face. I moaned out commands. "Yeah, . . . that feels good . . . don't stop. I love it when you suck me off. . . you feel so great. . . you have such a wonderful mouth for sucking. . . yeah, I love fucking into your mouth. . . feeling you suck me . . . feeling your tongue on my clit . . . please don't stop. . . don't stop sucking me. . . sucking my clit. . . you get me so hot I want you to fuck me, to fill . . . fill me with your fist

and your tongue. . . I want to be full . . . to have you fucking and sucking me at the same time . . . yeah babe, fuck me. . . give it to me . . . fill me with your tongue. . . don't stop. . . don't stop sucking me. . . I'm so close. . . do me, babe, . . . keep it up. . . don't stop. . . keep eating me. . . I'm going to cream all over your face. . . keep sucking . . . I'm almost there. . . oh babe, I'm so close. . . don't stop. . . don't fucking stop. . . I was on the very edge when she fisted me, sending me into intensity overdrive. I screamed out my orgasm, as she fucked into me again and again, stuffing my cunt with hardness. Her arm pistoned into me with short brutal strokes, pushing my coming up and through my body. I contracted around her hand as wave after wave of wonderful pleasure swept over me. She rocked into me, timing herself to the waves. I rode with her inside me, rollercoasting through one incredible pleasure breaker after another. It lasted forever. Finally, unable to bear any more, I pushed her away from my cunt. But I had to use her shoulder to steady myself because my knees were so weak. I looked down at the ridiculous picture she made, with the latex still taped to her face. I could see her smile as it crinkled behind the dam. It mirrored the smile on my face the one that stretched from ear to ear. I helped her to her feet. "Safe certainly doesn't have to be boring." I said.

~~~~~



# Unholy Communion (For Cheri)

By: L.A. Livingston

*LA Livingston, writes and plays on CapeCod, Mass. She's a Femme-y Butch prefers her pussy domestic with a Hispanic flavour and has a partiality: eight inches.*

I placed the ad: it went exactly like this: Subliminal Vice. This pair of decidedly immoral ferals wish to waylay uninhibited Bottom bitch for a weekend of debauchery. You must consider yourself attractive, healthy and concessive of Concept of Total Control. We are most certainly all this and more. Come home to Provincetown and play Exit to Eden with us for forty-eight hours . . . Then I sat back to wait. Patience is a virtue, she reminds me as I skid across the sheets. Do you know how wet you have to be to slicken 100% cotton? And anyway I believe I am allergic to virtue: I much prefer the bitter bourbon of Vice. She and I have been

friends a while now. It's funny; funny-ironic. We're as different as John Wayne to Kim Novak but when it becomes sexual: cayenne pepper and Tabasco sauce. A subtle shift in temperature but they both scald your tongue. We met through my ex. A meeting that was to eventually raze the ruins of my relationship with that lover. The attraction was initially, purely physical. I offer no apologies; I'm a superficial kind of gal. She fits my Bill of Fare. I like my women hard, quiet and over thirty. Old enough to know what they're doing, and young enough to still enjoy it. My philosophy: Butch is an Attitude; you may acquire the look with time but that inclination toward Control is mother's milk, -inbred. As a thoroughbred is culled for the homestretch a butch rides the pendulum of Extreme. A top might be Butch but a Butch does not necessarily have to Top. Think of it in this manner: To fully immerse yourself in the black you'd be best to play in the Light for a bit. I'm that curious mix of dykey-femme. But definitely Butch down to the tips of my glazed claws. Left hand only; I gave up ambidexterity years ago. Blonde in the summer months; remembering Blonde, like Butch is an Attitude. Long and tawny with legs men used to tell me were meant to wrap around their necks. Thanks but I'd prefer your wife. Prone. If I'm feline contradiction she's rawboned, rodeo-strong with an imagination Lucrezia Borgia might have envied. No, she's not pretty but she's got a handsome sense of style that leaves femmes sidestepping self-made

puddles in the bar. I guess we both get our share and then some. We don't compete; we collaborate. The idea of an erotic merger came to me one day quite out of thin air. Boredom combined with an ambition to recreate the exploits of my personal icon, the Marquis de Sade. When I first proposed the scenario to her it was met with lukewarm enthusiasm which I gradually fanned to a heated crescendo. Yeah, it got her wet too. Being the writer in our mated entendre I was responsible for the literary snare with which to attract our Prey. My friend would take care of the physical realities of the scene; location, props, etc. And we'd split the girl. Prepping the bait, I figured it this way: If she was intelligent our intended would not balk at the double-syllable vocabulary. She'd either be good-looking in that strut-the-street, I-know-I-look-great way or else she'd be ballsy enough to **think** she's attractive. Either way, we won't lose. My friend creams the middle seam of her Levi's for hot-looking bitches and my hobby is breaking spirit, eating soul. As I said, either way . . . They say nothing worthwhile comes easy (or is it cums); patience is not my forte. If my friend felt the strain she hid it well in colours of blonde, brunette and red. When I commented dryly that I was unaware camouflage came in Lady Clairol #104 she merely flashed that infuriating half-smile and told me to be patient. Hiss . . . I was away with my lover when the correspondence arrived in the AM post. Lover, you ask?







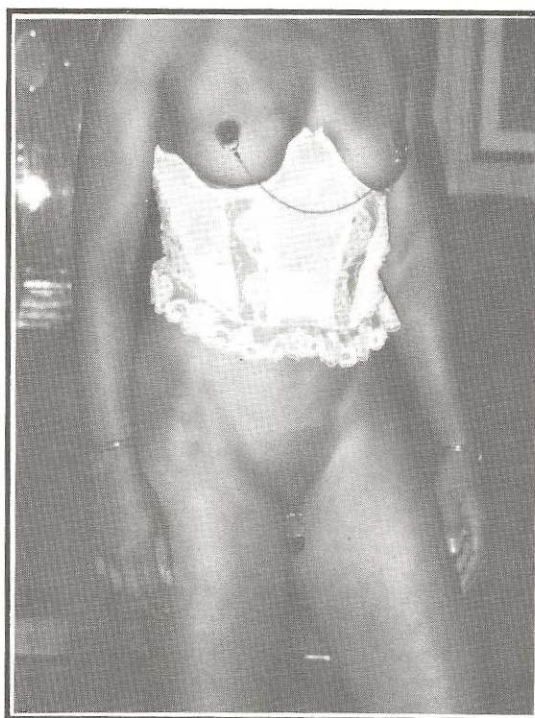
leaning against the wall. Waiting to be taken. I nod to my friend and as she complies I turn my attention elsewhere. As I pass the mirrored wall my reflection momentarily distracts me. I realize I am exactly what I appear to be; a feline on the prowl, hunting her elusive quarry. A cat in heat. It has taken me nearly half an hour to completely circle the bar and though I've seen lots to wet my rather jaded appetite, none is whom I seek. I watch my friend and a blonde negotiate the dance floor and marvel at my friend's style. She doesn't dance; nothing quite so sophomoric. Rather, she allows the blonde to move her body around her own; accepting of the flesh without giving her own. And the blonde, primed with what looked like Remy Martin certainly could move . . . As I watch my friend and her mouse it occurs to me that this is as close to a perfect relationship as I'll ever find. We are friends, she and I. And yet, more. But not. It is intense, extreme. No jealousy, none of that twenty-one year old, virginthroes possessiveness. What we give to each other is ours, consensual. What we choose to take from others is separate. And when we come together it is an exchange of power. Total Control. Neither one of us would accept less. My thoughts are interrupted by one of the waitresses, a very do-able piece of work done up nicely in black tie and Elizabeth Taylor's Passion. She brings me a drink I didn't order and a folded square of paper. As I slip her a tip she leans forward and whispers, "Lucky you . . .", making me think our slut is at least conventionally attractive. No, think I. Lucky her. The note yields a quote,

stylishly penned in what appears to be perfect Palmer Method. En Francais: "Quand je me joue a ma chatte, qui sait si elle passe son temps de moi plus que je ne fais d'elle?" Roughly translated: "When I play with my cat, who knows whether she isn't amusing herself with me more than I am with her?" Indeed! My friend materializes moments later, quiet enough this time that I don't even guess at the sound of her boots punishing the smooth wood. She is the only person I know who can wear a spur and not appear affected or pretentious. My friend

We will meet later and return home together but for now, this time is her appetizer; the pate that precedes the sit-down supper. Or in this case, lie-down. I guess I'm not ravenous; I'm saving my appetite. Unlike my friend, Prescene is always a little tense for me. The sheen of anticipation glistens on my imagination and I feel jumpy as the proverbial cat. And quite wet. I can feel moisture on the skin at the junction of my thighs. I wonder if anyone can smell me; a Louisiana bayou on a hot summer's day. The musky creole of a New Orleans whore.

Pure lust. The rest of my evening is spent watching my friend sample the wares of the open market called Female and trying to locate, without appearing to do so, our own slut. I keep searching for that tell-tale tag, to no avail. My patience is being tested. Sorely. Two hours later the sound of our footwear echoing across the flagstones of the walk is joined by a voice that sounds like a cat's tongue cleansing herself. Raspy yet velvet.

Promising . . . "I'm here." And so she is. It is neary two o'clock, three hours pre-dawn but the night has that eerie cast of light which occasionally occurs at the tips of the Cape on a hot summer night. Although we won't see daylight for some time yet the front yard, the walk, and the woman standing in front of us are illuminated as if in a black-and-white movie. The



Photograph by China

muses over the note and chuckles maliciously. We both agree we've lucked out this time; it is not often your adversary is formidable. I motion the waitress, ask for a pen and paper and write an address quickly. Neither of us watch the coyly clad barmaid deliver the note. My friend is gone an instant later, melting into a sea of willing femininity.



atmosphere is electric, supercharged. Film-noir. At first glance she isn't a female I would choose for myself. Too short, too curvey, too femme. But my initial disappointment fades as my gaze lingers over her form. She cannot be much over five feet; possibly a hundred pounds. Dripping wet. And hair; a mane of it, though the colour is indistinguishable in our black-and-white flick. But it was her eyes that sold me. As she returns my stare in a long, unblinking gaze I realize the orbs, reflecting whatever available light, are a clear blue. Weird, like a Siamese cat. Or thin ice. Contact lenses? I don't think so. Something tells me this, like Coco Cola, is the real thing. I hear the slight hitch of her breathing before I feel my friend move behind me, acknowledging her excitement. She is past me in a soft rush of humidity and disappears into the house. I am left to bring in our take. Catch-of-the-day. Turning on my high heels, a movement that is one part practice, two parts blonde genetics I follow my friend into the darkened building and am not surprised to hear the latch click behind me as our night visitor imitates me. I smile in the semi-blackness. I have a keen sense of smell and I can detect the scent of fear along side the twin odors of lust impatience. Slight smell, but definitely present. Up until this moment our tableau has been conducted in absolute silence and I am unwilling to shatter the stillness. My friend stands in the doorway to what serves us as a Playroom, content to admire for the moment. This woman is her physical ideal and I can see her contemplating a move much the same way a tomcat will

play with a mouse. Cruel patience. And an infinite mean streak. Colour me red, with the fur warming my cunt rinsed in liquid musk. When she finally speaks it is in a voice so soft that it's irritating in it's lack of intensity. I have to slap her. The tears well in her fabulous eyes; ice melting in the spring run-off. She reaches behind her and unzips the meeting place of her clothing and steps clear of it in one fluid motion. Just like that; one minute dressed, the next, totally naked. I'm long and lean, my friend; muscular power. But she, this shameless whore is stereotypical centerfold. A miniature

Between  
her legs  
where the  
red tangle  
becomes a  
tamed  
thicket,  
the 14K of  
metal  
gleams  
brightly.

Penthouse Pet; all tits, ass and hair. And in the light of candles, deep red. Auburn, it's called. Courvoissier. Over ice. My friend and I both see where she wears the dog tag. This woman is no novice. Between her legs where the

red tangle becomes a tamed thicket, the 14K of metal gleams brightly. Brassily. Two gold circles are married by the familiar rectangle dangling, offering it's message:

Slut. It has to be uncomfortable, something that awkwardly-shaped hanging between your legs for an extended period of time . . . And no, for the record; gold doesn't rust. She ignores me now, watching my friend for some sign of command. If there is an exchange, I've missed it for neither blinks but the next instant she is on her knees in front of my friend, eyes beseeching. A slight nod and she's laving the worn boot heels, polishing the silver tips. From the back-side it's a real pretty sight; ass cracked wide, nipples brushing the carpet nape. I want her. We both do. Insolence pisses me off; audacity brings out the temper in me. I have a nasty temper. Legendary. I move behind the woman kneeling in front of my friend and carefully extend the tip of my pointed toe until it is resting against her slick pussy. Her cunt lips are swollen and she moans a little as I not too-gently help her to her feet. As she is propelled into our Playroom I decide to exercise my prerogative as a woman and change my mind, forcing her to return to her knees and crawl towards the bed platform. My friend stretches her across on her back on the hard pineboard; really a bed-frame without the luxury of a mattress. Neither of us enjoy being enveloped; we both like our sex-scene hard, angles and planes. The cuffs clipped to the four corners of the bed encircle her slender ankles and wrists and she lies trussed-totally helpless. A week prior in the morning post



we had received a cassette tape with the same androgynous voice detailing the do's and don'ts of a potential scene. Looking at the slight form spread-eagled on the wood beneath us it is difficult to believe this woman can take the kind of abuse we require of her. Yet there between her legs lies the irrefutable proof of her whoreish inclination. Slut. Appearances can be deceiving. Look at me . . . As my friend and I stand in the greying dark, thighs loose and teeth clenched in animal grins I remember our ice maiden's "safe word"; in this case, a phrase:

S'il vous plait. ( If you please.) And realize it is the only words that will stop us. I reach into the Toychest beside the bed and extract two fine, long chains with attached clips at each end. Leaning over our evening's entertainment I fasten each clip to the gold rings in her labia, freeing the dog tag in the process. I take the chains and secure them to opposite rings anchored into the wood of the platform, effectively forcing our slave's snatch wide open by her lips. Each hair on her cunt lips seems to glisten with wet anticipation. And yes, she's obviously a true redhead. My friend is fairly drooling at the foot of the bed, stroking herself through her denim. She moves to the bed and removes a bandanna wrapped around her boot belt, shading our Toy's eyes and giving her the too extremely appealing look of a damsel-in-distress. Poor thing. I feel no pity . . . I want to hurt this female, this curvey girl-thing. I glance over at my friend and can see the feral hunger gleaming in her eyes. Pure animal lust. Barely contained desire. Together

we are a wolf-pack of two. Alpha females both and both heavy in season. I straddle our slave's body, resting my shoes just this side of her creamy thighs, raking her flank meat with the metal stiletto heels. I raise my dress and expose a furry triangle adorned with a single white string hanging down. I grab her head, barely movable as she is so tied,



Photograph by China

forcing her teeth to grasp the tampon string and pull, releasing the dam. She turns her head to one side and almost, but not quite gags as her cheek, neck and damn-near perfect tits are covered in the blood of my monthly heat. The sound of a zipper traveling south and my friend is at our Toy's snatch, teasing slowly with eight full inches of black meat. Hard, ridged and meant not only to fill but to stretch to the limit mauve cunt walls; engorged cervix. The redhead moans, a sound

need and begs prettily. Shall we give it to her? No. We'll instead give to ourselves . . . Unhooking two of her four restraints we move the slave-bitch so she is on all fours but struggling to stay upright, her pussy a tangle of gold wire and steel chain. Readjusting, we make sure her holes are wide open and wet. My friend fairly pours the lubricant into the red and pulsing holes;

both ass and cunt drenched. My friend eases herself under our girl's body but instructs her not to press any weight on the body beneath hers. Our slave, nods a meek acquiescence.

I'm so hot that it is a personal best not to touch myself. Watching myself in the mirror I reach behind and find, strapping on quickly, a black leather harness with attached cock, skin colored.

The sight of me, all femme-d out and bitchy with

two-thirds of a foot of dyke-dick hard between my thighs never fails to take me to the edge. I kneel behind our prey and nod to my friend, busy with the swollen lips. As our slave twists and tries to close her legs we push simultaneously into her ass and cunt. WET. FULL. She is so full I hardly

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# The Shadow

By: Ashley

Ashley is a seemingly boring dyke with a wicked twinkle-in her eyes. She spends her days living in western Massachusetts and fantasizing about her knight in leather armor.

I pace home through the dark and humid streets of a jungle August night. I can feel her. I know she's out there, somewhere -- on a rooftop, in an alley . . . prowling, waiting for me to pass. I am the hunted one, the prey in this game of cat-and-mouse. I can feel my panic singing through my veins, propelling me, keeping me alive and wide awake in this 3 a.m. The door to her apartment is open, the soft darkness beckoning me inside. I can barely see and startle like a bird at the slightest sound. I imagine she can smell my panic, the metallic scent of fear and anticipation. Her bedroom door yawns blackly, evoking memories of childhood trips to the cellar and tomblike

open closets. I have always been afraid of the dark, and this one is darker than any I have known. I am trembling, and I open my mouth to call her name. **CRACK!** Her boot slams shut the door and from behind it she springs. I leap aside but she is on me -- falling as soft and silent as a panther from a tree. Her arm encircles my neck, her legs wind around mine as I kick and scream uselessly in terror. My arms flail against the yielding dark, and beneath my cries I can just hear her chuckle lowly, like the rumble of a big cat, well-pleased. With practiced grace she brings me under her control, forcing me to my knees, her breath moist and hot in my ear. On the ground, my arm twisted up against my back, my screams become whimpers as I collapse -- a sweating heap on the carpet. The rug bites into my cheek as my pulse jackhammers in my ears. I am at her command, although she has not spoken. There are no words here -- no prickly words for pride to catch on in the daylight. This encounter is smooth, controlled. Like her leather-gloved hands that prowl firmly over my back, my breasts, my thighs, my neck. My pores are streaming, letting loose the flood of panic released from deep inside me. They open themselves to her. I find I am not quite ready to do the same. She relaxes her grip and at once I spring to face her. Hissing, I throw myself at her and we wrestle -- locked in a death grip in that soft dark. Gradually, firmly, she forces me down -- to my knees, to my back, pinning my shoulders against the floor though I resist with all I have. My tendons strain

against her steady, inexorable force. I am pinned and released -- once, twice . . . three times. I sink for the last time with her knee at my crotch, her breath coming hot in my face. She tastes victory and licks her lips. I give in. I am naked. Sweating. Hot. Waiting. My wrists strain against the leather cuffs that stretch my arms apart, spreading my back and shoulders to meet her. **CRACK!** The whip sears itself into my memory as its leather bites my flesh. Strands of leather rake like claws across my back. I am opened. Raw power surges into my back, my thighs . . . leaving angry welts to mark its passage, with each stroke she plants herself inside me. I strain against the cuffs, crying out at each impact, losing my resistance, opening myself to her. Pain builds inside of me. It bites deeper and deeper, doubling in on itself and growing. I fight the panic welling in my heart. I strive to open myself. I want only to be open to receive her -- to scream out all tension through my mouth, my pores, my cunt. I struggle only against the rising need to stop her, the instinct that closes me against her. The pain rears like a wall of flame, engulfing me, transforming me. I can take no more. She stops. I am still burning. I want this. I need this. I want her inside of me always. I feel her leathery hands against my flaming skin, quenching, soothing, kneading my muscles back to life with practiced grasps. The fingers circle round to twist and grab at my breasts -- pulling, pinching, kneading





my soft flesh. I can smell her leather, my own sweat, the nighttime and the sweet, sweet dark. She sinks her teeth into my neck, grabs me deeper. She is hungry. I am so hungry for her. Her fingers twist, grab handfuls of my belly, my breasts. One hand moves lower, grabbing at my thighs and where I need her most. I have never been so hungry. She reaches inside of me. Her fingers fill me. She enters and pulls up, lifting me on one hand even as she sinks her teeth deeper into my shoulder. I arch my neck, and her mouth and tongue find my throat. I offer myself to her. Her fingers twist and rock inside me. Her other arm pulls me in, bringing me ever closer to her chest. Her teeth are at my neck and I throw back my head to scream my release -- send it echoing through the moist August dark. I am filled with her cool blackness. I wake. Wake to the prickly air of another August

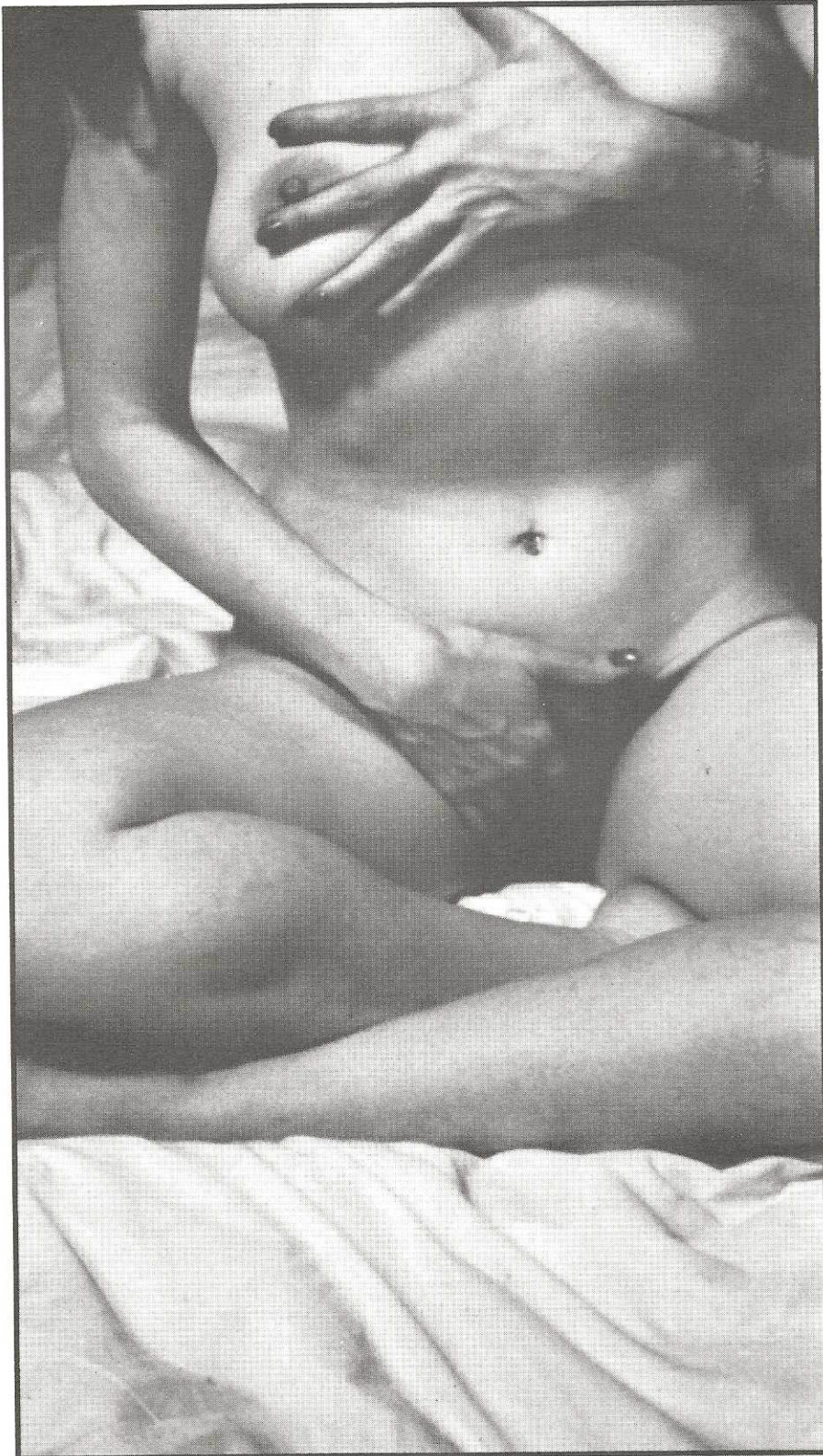
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Photograph by Jennie Sullivan









Photograph by China

Gwen suprised me by giving me a big hug after thanking me for the help I gave

her. I, in return gave her a big hug to show my appreciation for her help and friendship. It was now 11:00pm, time for the lights to be turned off. As I hurried to get into bed for the night, Gwen spent a few minutes fixing her lovely long auburn hair before she went to bed. As she stood in front of the sink, in only a t-shirt and her panties, a flash came over me. I could feel a pulsating sensation stirring in my pelvis as I watched her standing there. Her firm smallish breasts looked so nice, with their pronounced nipples, that showed through the flimsy t-shirt. As she stretched her arms over her head to comb her hair, I could see how tight her panty crotch fit over her pussy. She was making me wet, my own nipples were now erect from just viewing this petite jewel before me. I allowed my hand to enter the top of my own panties. As I got even wetter and wetter, I let my hand go to it's favorite spot. I kept this up until Gwen finished her hair, not thinking she'd noticed me. But to my suprise, when she turned from the mirror, she gave me a real big smile. With a cute little movement she tapped me on the arm and said "What's gotten you so hot tonight? "I just blushed at her, almost speechless. I stammered out, "I don't know", maybe you did!" We both giggled as Gwen turned off the lights and got into her upper bunk. I soon quit and rolled over to sleep. It didn't work. I awoke at about 2:00am to pee. But before I got up to go, I could feel the bed shaking and sensed a commotion from above me. I lay in silence as I tried to sort out what was going on up there. I got up to



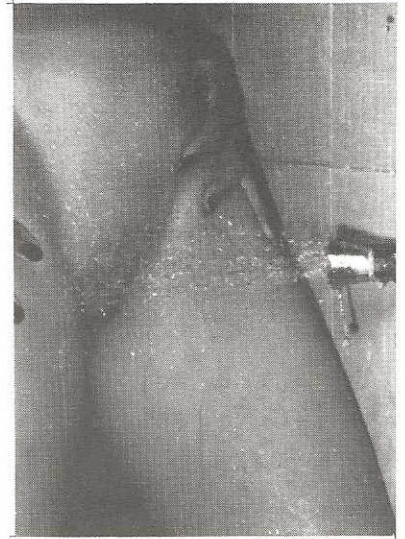




only waist high. There is really no room here for modesty. As I put my stuff down and removed my housecoat to enter the shower, I could hear what sounded like three different voices. With the splashing of the water and the laughter and giggles coming from the big room, I could make out one voice for sure, Markie my butch friend was there. As I entered, the steam met me at the door in a big cloud. Markie called to me as I entered. "Come in Mikki, the water's great doll, come join us". I quickly stepped under the soothing spray of water, right next to my familiar friend. As my eyes adjusted to the steamy room, I recognized Jennifer, a pretty, well built femme in her mid-twenties. To her right was a new girl, I knew little about. She had just arrived a few weeks ago. I had been so occupied with Gwen before she left, I hadn't met this new girl yet. When Jennifer noticed me eyeing the new girl, she introduced us to each other. "Mikki, I'd like you to meet Dino. Dino, this is our good friend Mikki, Dino is a new sister here and she is going through a lot of the same problems you did when you first arrived. So let's make her feel free and relaxed, shall we!" As Jennifer talked, Dino and I were busy checking each other out. Standing directly across from Dino, maybe ten feet from her, I found my vision traveling from her full breasts to her thick triangle of blond curls. Her body, an easy nine, had me wet between my legs in no time. Her developed breasts, an easy 36c looked so firm and proud as they stood up pointing on a angle that met my gaze. I could see she

was giving me a real heavy going over too. As I parted my legs to soap my inner thighs, I could see her chest rise and fall as her breathing appeared to get heavier. It was obvious her attention was on my hands, not her own. As Dino and I continued to watch each other shower, Jennifer and Markie moved into one stall to share the same shower. They were rubbing against each other, their nipples brushing together, their bellies rubbing firmly at the sametime. Dino turned her attention for just a split second from me, to see our friends enjoying themselves. She then looked back at me with a real hard look on her face, a half smile, half sober look. A look of lust and passion, a look of desire. A hot flash came over me as I looked Dino right in the eyes. My hands still at my crotch, I leaned back and allowed my legs to open much further. I brought my hands higher and gently parted my plump, hairy cunt lips. As I did, I looked down at my own cunt arching forward. My fleshy inner folds appeared as I held my cunt hair back. I gently took my index fingers and retracted the prepuce covering my inflated clit, to allow Dino a full view of all I had hidden under my thick mat of cunt hair. As I stared at my own cunt, parting the lips even further, flicking my erect clit with a wet finger tip, I saw Dino approach me. She stood only inches from me as she watched me playing with myself. I removed one hand from my dripping cunt and put it up to her nose. Instantly, without any notice, she sunk to her knees in front of me. Her face buried in my thick triangle of hair. Pushing

her nose into my clit, she had me holding onto her for dear life. I soon became weak as Dino licked and sucked at my juicy cunt lips. Sucking sounds filled the air, even over the splashing of water from the showers. The noisy sounds of her eating



me out hungrily filled the room. I could even smell the distinct aroma from my own cunt as it filled the shower stall. I gently held Dino's head to my wet cunt. Her moans and soft cries escaped from between my legs. The same noises came from the other two who by now were french kissing and finger-fucking each other in a frantic bliss of joy. As I neared my climax, I pulled harder at my pussy slave's hair. Arching my cunt forward even more. I heaved my pelvis out at her face, which by now was soaked with my thick secretions. Her head bobbed up and down as she washed away every drop of juice she could lick up. I held tight to the partition wall for support. My back up against the wall, my head







Maria made me feel real comfortable when she assured me that the other lesbians there sort of kept an eye out for the guards whenever someone was having sex, so no one would need to hold back or be worried. In her sweet Spanish English accent, looking me dead in the eyes, she said; "We can do anything we want, honey!" After the 12:00 midnight count Maria had the woman next door keep watch for us. If the officer came she'd hit on her wall to notify us to break it up quickly. Maria already had what she described as her curtains up. She had taken a bed sheet and draped it over the front and halfway down the one side of the bed, to block any nosey onlookers from seeing us. We wasted no time. Once the overhead lights were turned off, we both stripped to only our panties. In a flash we were tight together in a vise hold, frenching each other long and hard. Maria being so short was at eye level with my tits. She took one erect nipple into her sucking mouth as she ground her big, high pubic bone into my leg. I started to move my leg to help her as she humped my leg. She took control of the situation and had me on the bed, between her legs. She held my ass firmly as we french kissed and ground our cunt mounds together. By now my panty crotch was soaking wet. As we shifted on the bed, Maria crawled down between my legs, her face rubbing all over my panties crotch. I could see the wetness from my juices on her face as she savored my heady-pungent scent. I lifted my legs up and held my knees against my

breasts, then let my legs fall to the sides, giving Maria a clean open space to work. She rubbed her face all over my panties, then pulled the wet crotch band to one side to expose my swollen cunt lips. Her tongue gently parted my protruding cunt lips and slithered deep inside me. I masturbated my clit as

she  
pushed  
her cunt  
forward  
and  
ordered  
me to  
push  
forward.

Maria ate me out like a hungry cat drinking a bowl of milk. After I came twice, we shifted positions. Maria spread eagerly for me, I crawled between her spread legs. It was apparent that all this action had a great affect on her too, because her white cotton panty crotch had a large wet spot in the front. I smeared her honey all over my face as I took in long deep breaths of her sweet-musky odor. I removed her panties to reveal a pretty pair of thick puffy lips. Maria's pink inner lips were erect and stood out proudly. I drove in tongue first and licked her sweet cunt nectar up with every lap. Pausing only to take one of her inner lips into

my mouth I sucked on the soft, tasty morsel. Maria, holding my head real close to her cunt, whispered demands to me and I obeyed her. She instructed me to finger-fuck her hole while I ate her. Her humping pussy pushed outward to meet my thrusts, and sucked at my fingers. Maria ordered me to fold my fingers close together. I did as she demanded. She lost her grip on my hand as she fucked it, her juices made sloppy suction noises as I fucked her with the tips of all four fingers. To my surprise, her cunt muscles totally relaxed, and she let out a long deep moan as she came all over me. At this very instant I obeyed my lover's orders and my whole wrist disappeared inside her. My fingers kept sinking in deeper until they formed a fist in her cunt. My arm was in halfway up to my elbow! Maria started to heave her ass at my arm, her pelvis gyrated around and around. With boldness and urgency in her voice she demanded I fuck her harder and deeper. I rested my face on her belly, kissed and licked her navel as my arm fucked her silly. I was worried everyone could hear us. After two earth shattering climaxes, Maria finally had enough fisting. I withdrew my arm from my lover as she lay helplessly spent. I crawled up to hold Maria as she came back to earth. She grabbed my arm and held it to my mouth. I licked her juices from it, to my surprise she helped me clean it up too. We licked her juices up like it was an ice cream cone.

We spent the next year enjoying every type of  
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"Confrontation"

By: Kat

Kat creams over the leather of real butches while tantalizing womyn with cunt shots and nasty stories. Her favorite thing? she loves having her brains fucked out by her butch.

Sands is a wicked photographer who gets off taking Hot shots of sexy femmes working a dyke like herself. She is looking for her own personal (under) cover girl.



Photograph by L.S. Sands

"Don't move", the voice commanded, "or I'll slice it off". The menacing whisper meant business and I knew it. I could feel the cold steel against my nipple. She fastened the chilled chain onto the rings that went through my tits and trailed the cold metal over my chest. The threat was useless -- I couldn't budge an inch. I was so completely trussed. I heard the click of the switchblade being put back. Then silence. It could have been two minutes or two hours (all sense of time is lost when I'm blindfolded). I was led by my chain into the center of the room and refied stomach down onto a bench. My ass was left open, ready for the

punishment that was inevitable. I had really fucked up this time, clumsy me had spilt wine over my mistress when I was serving her dinner. The liquid had spread rapidly over the black leather bustier. I knew I would remember this evening for a long time. My cunt heated up more at this thought. "Is the little bitch listening to me?" she questioned. Oh shit I missed something she said! I was silent. She shoved the gag into my mouth. The sting of the whip bit into my nether cheeks. I flinched. "Wrong move", she informed me and left the room. I didn't hear her return, "Are you ready to behave?" she inquired. I nodded. "Then we will begin." I strained to hear

what instrument she was picking up but couldn't tell. The paddle answered my question soon enough. The strokes were steady and solid, the stinging sensation crept through my ass radiating into my whole body. The force of the paddle pulsed into my cunt from the bench I straddled, feeling like a vibrator against my clit. Mistress ordered me to cum because she had better slaves to whip. My engorged pussy clutched at the leather of the seat, my juices slithering from my slit. The beating became faster and harder. The throbbing of my gash increased overwhelming my entire being I felt as if I was floating and the waves of orgasm came

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## Current Affaire

*out for a late afternoon row  
in the summer sun  
of Concord, M.A, how could they  
know that the lazy ripples  
and rays would awaken the heat  
in their own blood? . . . . .*

### Bias

Joanna is a poet/novelist sharing her living with cats and raccoons in an Arcadian corner of Boston. A liberarian and animal rights advocate, she works for erotic liberation in a variety of ways, not least empirical. Her sexuality is primarily expressed in D/S (dominance/ submission) her preferred term for SM and she is bisexual, a femme who likes femmes.



Photograph by Jennie Sullivan

*Easily seduced by  
the lambent air, they  
discover what it is  
to explore Nature  
in this way,*



Photograph by Jennie Sullivan







# Confession of a Living Doll

*M. Jaye is 30, available, unclear on a lot of issues, not sure she likes to see women get hurt, needs more of the facts before she can make her final decision.*

By: M. Jaye

I can't say I actually "met" her, I was simply aware of being followed. At the corner, waiting for traffic to pass, I quickly stole a glance behind me and recognized her from the party. I pulled my coat closer but it wasn't from the cold. I was curious, I was excited. I wanted to see how far she would follow. When I reached my front door, though, fumbling with the key, I glanced furtively around again, but she was gone. My heart sank. I let myself in and tossed my things on the chair. I went through the bathroom ritual in a funk. I brushed my teeth. I washed my face. I stared at my reflection in the medicine chest and wondered why the rushing embrace of fulfillment always eluded me. I flicked off the light and crawled into bed and fell asleep. I stirred from a sound rest, the clock in the hallway was chiming three. I turned onto my side. At first, it didn't seem real. Then I froze: some one was quietly creeping toward me in the darkness. My pulse rocketed as a terror raced into my

chest. I didn't know whether to feign sleep or scream. But as the form crept nearer to the bed, I couldn't help myself, I cried out. A gloved hand came down over my face. "Don't scream baby doll. It's me." I had no idea who it was, but a woman's voice was near me in the darkness. She sat down on the edge of the bed, her gloved hand still firmly over my mouth as she leaned closer to me. "It's me, baby doll. Don't panic." My god, it was the woman from the party. The woman who'd followed me and gone. In the darkness, I could barely see her face. I can't say the fright disappeared, but it heightened in a peculiar way. She let go of my mouth, but I didn't make a sound, I didn't move. The room, the entire house, was deadly quiet. Then, almost imperceptibly, I felt her easing my blankets slowly down. I'd never been so frightened, or so intrigued. And as the blankets retreated down my body, the chill of the room hit me. My nightgown, having twisted in my sleep, had crept up almost to my waist. I tried to smooth it into place, as my body became revealed, but she pushed my hands away. "Don't bother, baby doll. I'll do it." She tugged the hem straight to my ankles, then smoothed out the material by running her gloved hands down the length of my body. A ripple of arousal triggered somewhere inside me. "I brought you something," she whispered. I was too transfixed to respond. I stared at her in the darkness. "If you'll be a good baby doll, I'll bet you'll get it." I wasn't sure I wanted it. I couldn't imagine what it was.

"Nylons, honey. Nylons. Stockings as long as your skinny white legs. You want to see them?" I was dumbfounded. "Baby doll, I'm talking to you . . . Do you want to see them?" "Okay," I finally managed, but my voice sounded childish and hollow. In the darkness I could see her pulling something from her pocket. "Here, give me your hands. feel this. See? Nylons. For you." But when I reached out in the darkness to touch the stockings, she quickly, expertly, grabbed me and had the stocking wound tightly around my wrists.



Photograph by China

"Now this is how a pretty little doll like you should wear these." "Jesus Christ! What the hell are you doing?" I whispered. Her movements were sudden, but the spell wasn't broken; I didn't resist her. "I just want to treat you right, is that so wrong?" And as she said this, she raised my tied wrists up over my



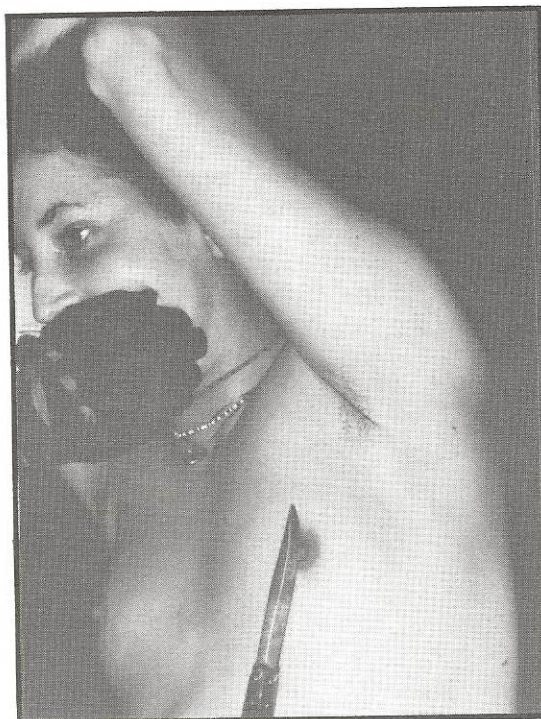
going to talk to me, you're leaving a lot up to chance," she cautioned. "I don't want to make you unhappy, baby doll, but I've been known to resort to it. Don't make me have to guess." She ran a gloved finger along my lips, over and over.

lips, and when my lips parted, her nipple stiffened against my tongue. "Now don't think too much, but try to make love to yourself, baby doll. Give in to it. Whatever it is you want to feel just show me. I'll remember it." I didn't know

which appealed to me more, her proximity or her words, but it was more than the nipple in my mouth that stirred me between my legs. I took the nipple between my lips and sucked it, gently at first, my tongue circling it, poking into its' little crevice. How I wished my hands were free to hold her, to feel the fullness of her and explore as much as I could take. But even torment of being unable to do so only stirred me all the more. She pulled the breast away and the other one replaced

it, the nipple

stiffening quickly and she moaned. "You must like it baby doll," she sighed. "I'm going to keep it in mind " She lingered a little longer now, softly moaning now and then, as I suckled the stiff nipple more urgently, heating up all over. "If you were as hot as you're making me, baby doll", she whispered, "you might even want to bite it." A thrill ripped through me as I bit down on the tiny stiff thing, sucking hard. "That's right," she urged, "chew it. Hard. I can take it." She switched nipples again, and I bit down on that one, too. It was still hard from before and again she moaned. My whole body



Photograph by China

she lightly traced them. now and then dipping the finger into my mouth. The leather was smooth and warm. "Maybe this is the answer," she sighed, "if your little mouth won't speak to me, maybe it'll just have to show me." she unzipped her jacket, tossing it to the floor. Her breasts were naked underneath it and, even in the darkness, I could see they were free now and exposed. She brought them up to my face. They felt full and warm against my skin. "Go on and take it, doll face. Open your pretty little mouth and show me how you like it." She pressed one of her breasts directly against my





squirmed underneath her as she started a gentle rocking rhythm inside her jeans. "That's right, baby doll," she chanted, "chew it, chew on me, because I'm going to chew on you and I can't wait to hear you scream." This startled me back to my senses. I whimpered a little and pulled my mouth away. What was I thinking of? I didn't even know this intruder. "What's the matter, doll face? Did you forget what I promised you? And here I was thinking you were such a tough little baby. Such a hot little thing." "Please, you're making me crazy," I panted. "What do you want? Who are you?" "That would be cheating, baby doll. We're going to keep on just like this and find out who we are the hard way." Then she lowered her mouth onto my breasts, finding first one nipple and then the other, gently sucking it between her lips, darting her tongue over and over each one. Then, slowly, the tugging started. Her teeth closed down on first one nipple, then the other, biting it while she sucked. I let out a little cry as, progressively harder, she chewed each one, shooting pain down to my clitoris, where it diffused and spread out, hot and tormenting, until there was no clear pain left; it was all one hot rolling wave that swelled inside my soaking underpants. "Oh god," was all I could mutter. "Oh god, that feels so good." She chewed harder and harder, sucking me into her own rhythm, and I thought surely I was becoming one of those women who could actually climax through the inexplicable ecstasy pulsing out of her tiny nipples. But this was not to be. She pulled her

mouth away and got off me. "Honey, don't lose that thought," she taunted, and she took the knife from her pocket again. "What are you going to do?" I whispered. "I'm going to get rid of this pretty thing," she said, as she grabbed a fistful of my nightgown and sliced through it, ripping it off me and tossing it to the floor. Then she laid the icy open blade against my stomach, resting it there while she peeled off her leather gloves. "Why don't you untie me?" I pleaded. "I'm going to treat you fair." "Don't you panic, baby doll. I'm going to treat you just fine. I just want to get these gloves off so I can check you out," she replied. "Well, then why don't you take that thing off me, okay?" It's giving me the creeps." "That thing," she taunted, "is a gift for your heightened pleasure, baby doll. My gift to you, to keep you tense and hospitable." I had nothing to say to that. She'd scared me. I didn't know where this woman's lust got off and where her insanity got on. I was too intimidated to press my luck. Her gloves were tossed to the bedroom floor. She picked up the knife from my stomach and toyed with it while she spoke. "Now, I'm going to need you to be extra-special good for me, baby doll. You think you can handle that?" "What do you want me to do?" I whispered, my voice uncertain and cracking. "I just want to see how well we're communicating. I want you to raise your legs and spread them for me. Go on, baby doll. Don't be shy." I hesitated a minute, but then I considered the options, and gave in. Slowly, I lifted my legs and spread them for her. "So

far so good, baby doll. We're getting along just fine. Now, this next part is important: Lay there and don't startle me. Okay? You think you can remember that?" "Yes, I can remember that," I told her. "Good," she sighed, as she slipped her

I want to  
hear you  
beg me to  
fuck you  
even  
harder. If  
you don't,

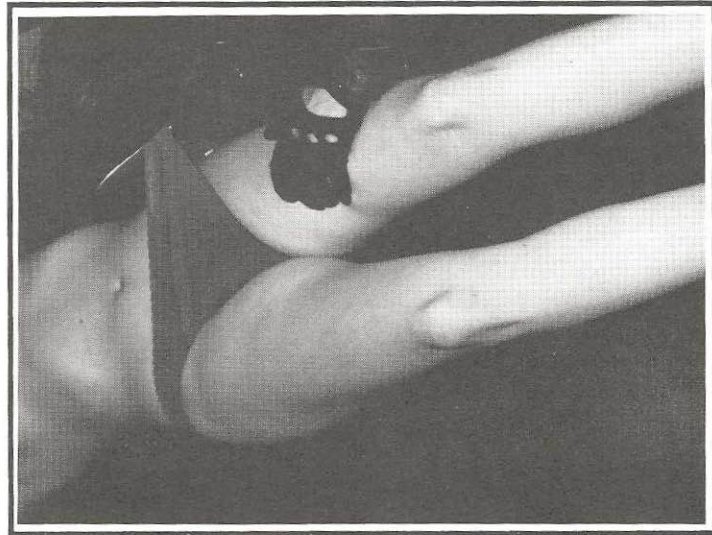
fingers under the elastic at my leg, brushing against my hairs, pulling the soaking material away from my pussy. Then she popped the tip of the knife blade into the panties and tore a hole in the cotton straight up to my stomach. Then she reversed the knife and tore through the material down under me. In no time, the panties were cut in two. Then she sat down on the bed, and handily cut each half of the panties free from my legs. "You know," she whispered, "we're communicating so gosh darn well I can almost smell it." I swooned a little at her remark, aware of my wetness drooling out of me, but I was still nervous. I was completely naked now and bound and not entirely sure she had my best interests in mind. She trailed a finger in



my wetness, swirling it into the hairs. "I don't have too many complaints, honey, but I am going to have to ask you to push yourself a little harder than you did before." "What do you mean," I moaned, catching my breath as she poked her finger just a little into the hole. "What I mean is this, baby doll; You're so wet down here, I hate to see it go to waste. So now I'm going to ask you to tell me some things and this time I expect some answers. No more coaching from me, either. I plan on working your pretty little mouth overtime. Are you listening to me?" "Yes," I groaned, as she pushed two fingers deep into me and slid them out again. "Good. So we'll talk." She repositioned herself between my legs, stretching herself on top of me, her face very close to mine. The threat of the knife was somewhere, but I wasn't sure where, and I wasn't even sure she intended to use it, but her demeanor had definitely hardened. That I was sure of. "Now," she continued, running her finger lightly over my lips, tracing a line to the tip of my nose, "what does this smell like to you?" she taunted. I looked at her face in the distorting darkness, but I didn't respond. "Don't fuck with me, baby doll. Answer me. What does this smell like to you?" Again she ran her fingers lightly over my lips. "Pussy," I finally said. "Pussy, that's right. I was just thinking that myself; This finger, smells like somebody's pussy." Her voice trailed off. The pause was menacing, but finally, she continued. "Hey, baby doll? Do you think maybe it's your pussy that we smell here?" "Oh, Jesus, why are you doing this

to me?" I pleaded. She took a firm hold on my throat and whispered, "I ask the questions and you answer them." "Okay!" I cried, "I'm sorry! Yes, it's my pussy. Please. Let go." "That's the spirit, baby doll. Talk to me. Tell me about your pussy." "What do you want to know?"

When does it feel the best?" She brought the knife back up to my face and it disappeared somewhere beside me. "It feels best when some one touches it. It likes to be touched. It doesn't like to be hurt." I tried desperately to urge her away from anything seeming



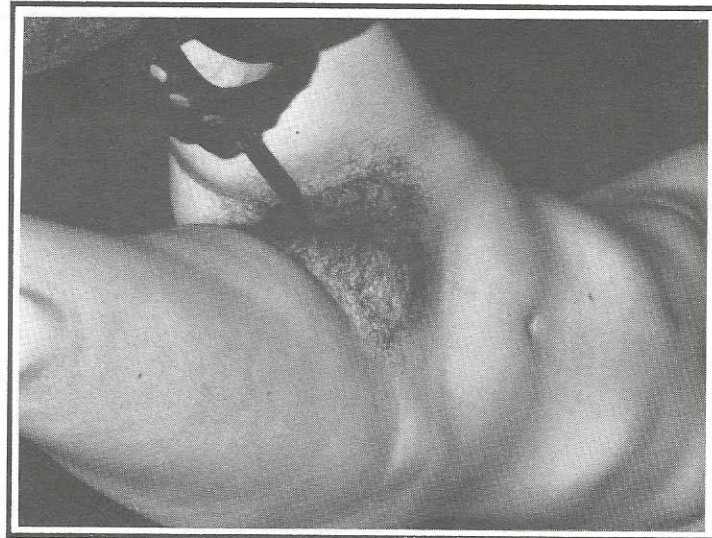
Photograph by China

I don't know what you mean." I was trembling now, all over. She let go of my throat and the knife reappeared. "Well, for instance," she said, gliding the blade down between my legs and pressing it gently against the little hood of my clitoris, "I want to know what this is." I stared at her and froze. "Don't do it," I whispered. "Whoever you are. It's my clitoris, okay?" "Okay," she whispered back, "but I'll do whatever I want to do. Now tell me about your clitoris, what does it like to do?" I was sweating now and trying to keep up with her elaborate little game. "Well, nothing, I mean it doesn't do anything. But it doesn't want to be hurt. It wants to feel good, you know?" "Yeah, I know, but I want you to tell me more.

forceful. "Nice answer," she sighed. Her breath was warm against my face and, even in the darkness, I could feel her startling eyes burn into me. "Tell, me baby doll, do you ever, you know, touch it yourself? Do you ever try to make it feel good?" she whispered. After a long pause, I finally confided, "yes" Her breathing was picking up. "Do you do it a lot, or just a little?" "Just sometimes." I felt the threat subsiding and my curiosity rose. She sighed, drawing me into her rhythm by pressing her jeans lightly between my spread legs. Her pelvis rocked gently but her eyes never left my face. "Talk to me about when you touch yourself," she whispered. "Do you think about women kissing you? Between your legs?" My



face felt hot and flushed, but I knew she wouldn't wait long for my answer. "Yeah," I finally confessed, "I do. Sometimes." "Tell me more about that, baby doll. Tell me so I can remember. When I'm home in bed without you, I want to know that you're touching yourself and I want to know what you're thinking." She had me completely caught up now. I wanted a chance to think, but she insisted I keep talking. I took a quick breath and closed my eyes. "Talk to me, baby. I need to know," she urged. "Okay," I began, "sometimes, I imagine a woman, some one I don't know, I imagine her down between my legs. And her mouth is licking all over me while my legs are spread. And she sucks it, my clitoris, like it's a little nipple. But I don't like to feel teeth. I just like it to be sucked." She was quiet for a minute, then she whispered, "Do you ever put things inside yourself when you think like this?" "Yeah, sometimes." "Like what? Your fingers, or something bigger?" "Something bigger," I sighed, my heart was racing. "Do you want me to put something inside you now, baby doll? Something big?" I groaned, I couldn't help myself. "Yeah, I think I do." She got up from the bed and searched the floor for her jacket. I was too breathless to move. I kept myself spread and waited. I could feel my wetness dripping clear down to the mattress. I watched her walk over to the window and pull open the blinds. A little trickle of light came in from the street and I could see her clearly. She sat back down on the bed, holding an enormous dildo.



Photograph by China

A huge silicone tool. She made sure I could see it. "I want you to understand something, baby doll," she said. "You're going to take it, and I mean all of it. And I want you to take it hard. And while you're taking it, I want to hear you beg me to fuck you even harder. If you don't, this thing's going right down your throat and it's going to stay there until morning. Do you understand all this?" I didn't care if she meant it or not. I told her I understood. "Good. And when I think you've had enough, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take off my jeans and climb up on your face, and I'm going to let you eat my pussy. Does that sound fair?" "Well, I suppose so," I answered, halfheartedly. "Okay, baby doll, you better speak up now; You don't think that's fair? Suppose I untie you afterwards, and turn you upside down on your pretty little head, spread you open and suck your clit so hard your pussy's gonna be buried clear up my nose. Does that seem fair?" "Yeah, that seems fair," I agreed. "Well, then,

we're ready." She climbed onto the bed and kneeled between my legs, shoving the head of the huge rubber dick into my drooling little hole, making me scream. But once we were past the head, the rest was easier, except that it plunged clear up past my cervix and I screamed again. So she pulled it back down, letting the widest part of the head rip past my hole again, then she rammed it back up. "I'm waiting, baby doll. You have something you want to tell me." I grabbed tight to the headboard, pressing myself open as wide as I could to accommodate the massive intrusion, and as she rammed the dildo back into me again, I started to fall into the rhythm of it and I begged her to fuck me harder. And the harder she fucked me, the louder I begged. I wailed and cried out I pounded my pelvis desperately against that plunging dick, I'd never felt anything so incredible in my life. And when my begging had turned to a whimpering, gurgling, panting groan, she determined I'd had enough

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# Home Alone

By: Kit Racer

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a figure go by my bedroom window. "Fucking pervert," I told myself. And I was a Goddam fucking pervert, because I promptly got up from my bed and crouched behind my window's curtain. There, peering slyly from my perch, I could see her. Her name was Hilary Evans and she was tall, brunette, and built like a Playboy bunny in overdrive. Unfortunately, she was pure hetero to the ends of her mauve - painted toenails. Luckily for me, however, she was also my next-door neighbor. It was ten in the morning and Hilary had just stumbled out of bed. She wore a long white T-shirt that showed-off her huge, firm tits very, very nicely. "Do some jumping jacks or something, Hilary-babe," I whispered. Ummm . . . she began doing a very enticing stretch instead. Holding both hands together behind her back she arched and leaned back. Her beautiful breasts were pushed against the fabric of her T-shirt. I moved closer to my window pane and took in the sight of her pink nipples, now visible from beneath the

cotton. I suppose I was breathing heavy or something, cause the window got foggy. Wiping the glass frantically, my view was returned just in time to see Ms. Evans grab a towel and head off for a shower. "Damn!" I paced the floor. Hilary's bathroom was at the opposite end of the apartment, barred from my appreciative gaze. Believe me, if there was any way I could take in the sight of that curvey, soft body bathed in soapy suds, I would do it. Instead, I continued to kneel at my window, eyes closed,



Photograph by China

remembering Hilary. I felt my pussy and it was soaked. What the fuck do you do at ten in the morning when you're single and you haven't the prospect of a date in sight? I grabbed my dildo and strapped it on. Stroking my cock, I pushed it hard against my clit. My other hand came up to pinch my nipples. It wasn't

working. I need a woman. Pacing the floor again, my dildo bopped up and down with the intensity of my steps. "I know!" I thought. "Dyke phone lines!" Running across the room to my bookcase, I grabbed a copy of the Village Voice and looked up a number. Then I sprawled back on my bed, reached for the phone, and dialed. "Hello?" I said. "Hello?" It was a guy! "Get off this line!" I yelled. "But I'm a lesbian!" He yelled back. "This club takes no honorary members, asshole!" "But I like to hear what the girls do and -" I

hung up and dialed again.

"Hello?" I said. "Hello?" It was a woman! "Hi, darling," I said real suave-like. "How are you feeling this morning?" She giggled. "Good . . . how are you?" "I'm . . . ah . . . I'm feeling pretty horny, actually . . ."

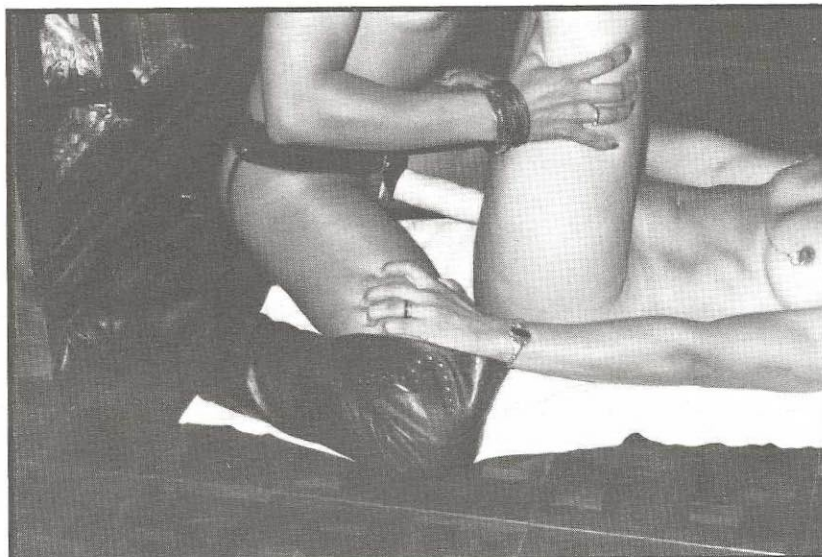
"Dead silence. I continued. "So what are you wearing?" "Grey sweats and a blue turtleneck." Goddamn. . . that was just too erotic for me. "So . . ." she said, giggling every two seconds, "What are you wearing?" "Nothing." This revelation earned me a series of giggles. I continued my self-description. "Yeah . . . nothing except my dildo." She hung up. Fucking-A, I thought. I laid down on my bed and closed my eyes. Stroking my cock and my nipples, I decided a good fantasy would just have to do. A fantasy starring I. . . just



then I heard someone knocking on my door. "I can't even masturbate without being interrupted," I thought disgustedly, grabbing my robe. I reached my front door just as the knocking began again. "Yeah, yeah . . . who is it?" I asked. "It's Hilary . . . from next door." ("!!!!") "Hilary . . . from across the hall," she repeated. "Yeah, yeah . . ." I said, slicking my hair back and checking my handsome face in the hall mirror. I opened the door. Hilary stood there, in my doorway, with her white silk robe and a hair full of soap suds. She looked so beautiful. My entire cunt did about fifty contractions just staring into her big brown eyes. "I feel really silly about this . . ." she began. "No, no, no. . ." I said, opening the door and leading her into my apartment. Why should she feel silly about wanting to show-off a head of fresh shampoo for her neighbor? Perfectly normal. "You see . . ." she looked serious. "I was in the middle of taking a shower and the water, I mean, the hot water, completely got shut -off or something . . . the water turned to ice. " She said the word "ice" in terror, as if she was telling me the water had turned to blood. "How awful!" I said, secretly checking her out. God, she was a curvey piece of artwork. "Yes, so . . . I wanted to ask you a favor . . . could I use your shower . . . if it's working ok?" It took a few seconds for the request to sink in. Hilary Evans was asking to take a shower in my apartment ?!" Could I watch? "Oh-oh-Oh! Of course. Of course, Hilary . . . anything . . . I mean, anytime that your shower isn't

working. " "Thanks so much . . . I really appreciate this. " She disappeared into my bathroom slamming the door behind her. My pacing began again. I couldn't BELIEVE it. Hilary Evans, that luscious bombshell, was in my goddamn shower in all her naked glory and there I

out. " "You would do that? " she sat up and my eyes went directly to those tits. I cleared my throat. "I will do that." Was I a fucking girl scout or what?" After heating a huge pot of water I instructed Hilary to kneel in front of the tub, with her head hanging over the edge.



Photograph by China

was . . . horny as hell . . . four feet away . . . and I couldn't do a thing about it. But just then the bathroom door opened and Hilary emerged in near tears. Did she realize that her robe had opened slightly, revealing womanly curves beyond my wildest dreams? "Your shower doesn't work either !" she cried. "Oh, Hilary!" I felt instantly guilty. I mean, this woman was obviously distraught and all I was thinking about was devouring her. "What will I do?" she wailed. "Oh Hilary, sit down, we'll figure something out." I led her to the couch and sat her down. From the angle I could see straight down her robe. "Listen, Hilary . . . I could heat a couple of huge pots of water in the kitchen and dump that over your head. . . that would get the shampoo

"Ready?" I asked. "Ready," she answered. And then I did a most horrible thing. I poured the first half of the pot right on her head but then . . . I don't know . . . I lost my balance or something and all that water . . . yeah. . . right on her beautiful silk robe. "Hilary !! Oh no!!" "Oh!" she exclaimed in shock. "I'm so sorry! Oh my god! I am just such a clutz! I feel so bad!" She stood up and my knees got so weak I nearly collapsed on the tile floor. Her white silk robe had gone completely transparent, leaving her firm, bold body bursting out all over. She laughed. "It's nothing . . . it'll dry fine. . . I'll just take it off and hang it up right here, ok?" And then I really did lose my balance and fell into

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# BOTTLED UP!!!

## My Turn

By: D

*D lives in Lowell, Ma. with one cat, one snake and one human roommate. She is switchable and into leather, motorcycles, science fiction, gender fuck and computers.*

You are beautiful, lying there, stretched out. Your arms taut above your head and your legs spread wide, nothing comes between me and your vulnerable body. You glisten with sweat from your recent beating, even as the lash marks start to fade. You strain against your bonds, toward me, as I stand at the end of the bed, watching you. "Please, Mistress . . ." you moan, almost incoherently. I don't know what you are begging for (although I could guess) but I don't care. The sight of your body, smooth and hairless and shiny, immobile, excites me, I want to feel your wet tongue between my legs. I have spent the last 2 hours working on your pleasure, and now it is time for mine. Teasing you means teasing me. . . yet I force myself to slowly. I enjoy the frustration,

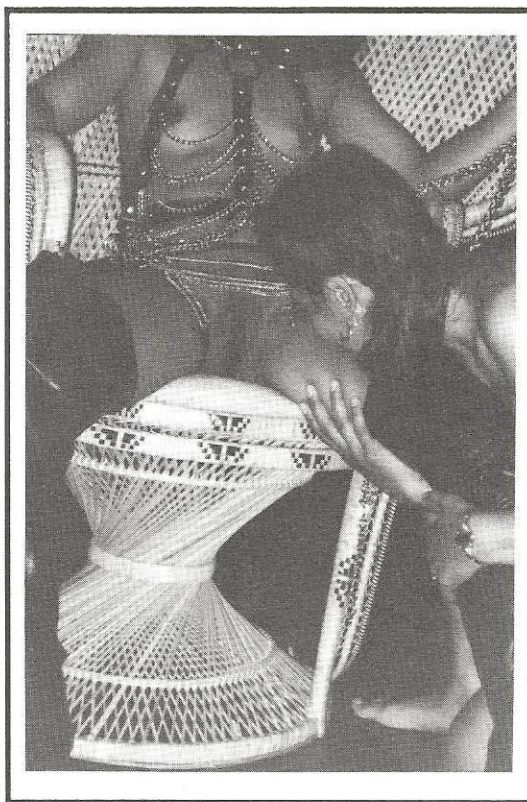
and the aching desire in your eyes makes me want to devour you. I straddle your belly, touching myself, rubbing my own clit, and you moan helplessly, unable to do more than arch your belly toward me. I drag my nails across your chest, and you arch more. Oh, my slave, you will do anything for me, won't you? I know I could make you crawl across the floor, on you belly, to kiss the bottoms of my feet, and then thank me for it. And you'd be grateful, too! The thought of that makes me

agonizing frustration fills me with love and passion. At the same time I feel protective, moved by your helplessness, and overwhelmed by your need. I creep up your body, rubbing against your chest as you gasp for breath. For a moment I cover your mouth and nose with my hand, wet with my own juices. You can't breath, for perhaps 30 seconds or a minute, and when at last I release you, your gasp sounds like a sob, and the rasping breath you take is filled with my smell. In

this way I teach you that your life, itself, revolves around my pleasure. And at last, I straddle your mouth. Hovering two inches over your twitching lips, your tongue tries hopelessly to reach. You haven't the strength to move your head, yet you strain towards me. I intend to tease you longer, but the sight of your tongue and lips, and the sound of your panting (you have not yet recovered from your brief lack of oxygen) I can't control my own

lust any longer. I grab two handfuls of your hair at the side of your head, and pull your head up into my crotch. You know the way I like it, you immediately begin licking and teasing at my clit. I pull your head tightly into me, my own movements becoming convulsive as I

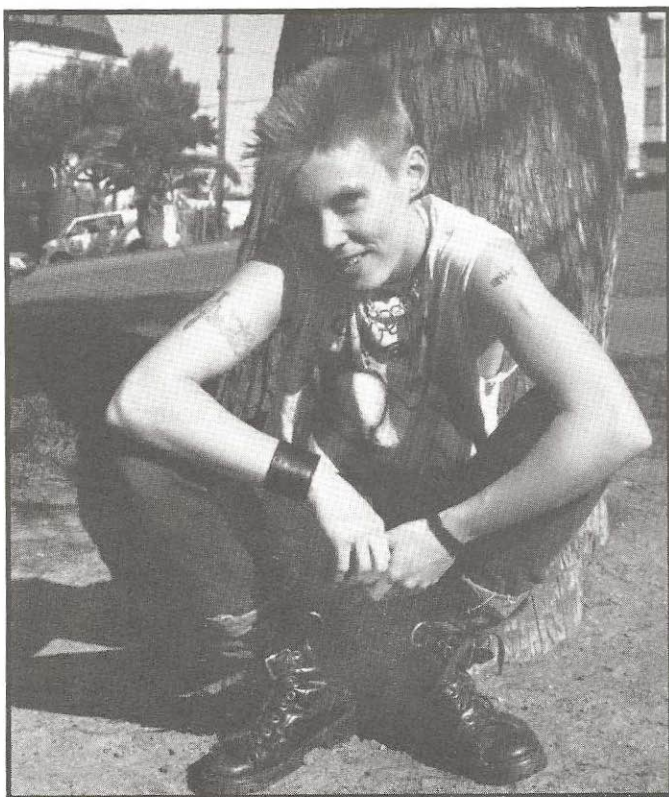
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Photograph by China

swoon but that is not what I have in mind for now. For now, I place my warm, wet cunt against your smooth belly, and grind. I let you lick my fingers clean, as I slowly inch up your body. You know what I want, and you want it too, you want to please me, I can see that. And your desire, your need, your





# Fish

Fish is a writer, artist and T-shirt maker who moved to San Francisco three years ago. Her experiences as a punk dyke and bottom in the S/M scene led her to start "BRATS; Butches & Bitches Revolt Against Attitudes that Suck" . . . and now she is putting together a small magazine called "Brat Attack: Do it yourself. S/M." Her first issue is available now. To receive a copy send \$3 cash to:

FISH  
P.O. Box 40754  
San Francisco, CA  
94141-0754 or call  
1(415) 826-2038

Submissions of news, gripes, gossip, interviews, ideas and cartoons are welcome.







Fish wants to see "more fag-dykes, bitch tops on motorcycles and mommies with dicks on the scene so she can draw all of them. She'd also like to see more S/M erotic art of hot fat women- S/M barbies are fine but a little limited. ."

"Her prints are also available for sale , see p. 36 for address. Fish's T-shirts are sold in San Francisco at A Different Light Bookstore and Stormy Leather as well as at Second Skin in New Orleans.



# Memories of My Salad Days III

By: J. Bourne

*Jillien is a Boston area writer who thoroughly expects to one day meet the dominant of her dreams!*

## Asia

I was donned in a blue and silver wrap, consisting of the finest silk. It draped over one of my shoulders and tightly hugged my hips and bottom. It was very short, and provided no covering for my genitals when I bent over during my garden chores. I was shod in a pair of sandals that laced up to my knees, and my upper left arm was coiled with a gold, ruby studded serpentine band.

My lady's mazed gardens were expansive, and there was no shortage of work for me. For hours I crouched on all fours, closely examining flowers and pulling weeds. I tended to the duties so fervently that sometimes the sun would set before I even realized the day had passed.

One day, while deep within a private maze, I became aware of voices from beyond a cluster of bushes. My assistant guards were several yards away from me, as my mobility was somewhat trusted by that time. I tried to concentrate solely on my tasks, but curiosity got the better of me. I needed to know who was stirring beyond my vision.

Cautiously, I made my way toward the sounds. When I reached the planted

barrier, I peeked through. It was My lady in the presence of another woman! She was a statuesque ebony beauty well muscled and firm. I was later to find out her name was Asia.

She was My lady's love and her only equal. Breathlessly, I watched as they frolicked in the grass, fondling each others' breasts. As I continued to watch them, I saw Asia stand, remove My lady's pants, and then lift her in her arms. My lady smiled as her knees were hoisted over Asia's strong shoulders. My lady braced herself by holding her arms straight, with her hands placed on Asia's thighs. My lady's white hips rhythmically gyrated as Asia opened her mouth and tongued My lady's curly blonde mound. Almost immediately My lady started to moan. She then released a guttural cry and climaxed several times. When her eruptions ceased, My lady's legs went limp and her wet crotch slid down the front of Asia's shirt. After a few moments, My lady weakly raised herself up off the ground and knelt at Asia's feet. She then clasped her arms around Asia's buttocks and embraced her hips. Asia responded by kneeling down in front of My lady and gently overpowered her, bringing them both down into the cool grass. When yet another few moments passed, My lady rose and took off the rest of her own clothes. She then disrobed Asia and passionately made love to every inch of her beautiful black body. slowly, she filled the well of Asia's lust and brought her over. When Asia relaxed, My lady lay down on top of her. Their gorgeous contrasting bodies intertwined. My lady fell

asleep, but Asia's eyes remained opened. As she turned to get back on top of My lady, she faced toward my concealment and espied my invasion of their privacy. However, without revealing my presence, she continued to hold My lady close to her breast, then closed her eyes too. After my discovery, I hastily made my way back amongst the flowers and resumed my duties.

The next day the assistants interrupted my chores and brought me to my room. They removed my shiney wrap and rinsed the garden dirt from my body. When I was cleansed, they garbed me in what is best described as "civilian" clothing. Except for the fact that the plain white dress barely covered my naked buttocks, it looked like normal street clothing. Not since before my arrival had I been adorned in such common attire. They slipped a pair of flip-flop sandals on my feet, led me through My lady's foyer and then out the front door. In the semi-circle driveway was parked a silver mercedes limo. It had a dark rag roof and tinted windows. Standing next to the car was a handsome uniformed butch who served as both My lady's chauffeur and body guard. I was brought up to the car and, when the driver opened the back door, I heard My lady's voice speak: "Enter at once, my impertinent voyeur". Although My lady's voice did not sound ired, I obeyed without hesitation. As I entered, I saw she was not alone. Asia was with her, facing the back window, in a seat directly across from My lady. It was the first time I had







seen Asia up close. Her short cropped hair was chicly styled, complementing her magnificent cheekbones and jaw. She was fully garbed in expensive black leather and on her eyes were dark glasses that completely masked the direction of her gaze. I was uncertain where I was supposed to sit until My lady said "Lie on your back along this seat, and place your head upon my lap". As I did so I closed my eyes, knowing I should not gaze directly into My lady's eyes. The driver closed the door behind me and My lady told her to be off. While the three of us rode in silence, My lady slipped her hand between my legs, opened my thighs, and raised my dress up over my waist. Although I kept my eyes tightly shut, I could feel Asia enjoying my complete submission. My lady then said to me "Never watch what is not yours to see". I knew she was referring to the garden incident and my face became flushed by the exposure. My







them open". My shame became unbearable and I began to perspire profusely. As the line moved forward, my short dress rode up my sweaty buttocks. I felt a breeze on my revealed privates and tried to inconspicuously lower the dress, but as I shifted the chauffeur whispered "stay still". By the time it was my turn to pay, not only was the entire checkout line staring at my lewd exposure, but the occupants on either side as well. Not even the cashier afforded me mercy. As she rang up my purchases, she rolled her eyes and smirked. I wanted so badly to run back to the car, but I was made to walk slowly through the parking lot. My whole body was shaking and, as I hastily climbed back into the car, my trembling hands dropped the shopping bag. All five containers fell to the ground. I watched the chauffeur as she bent down to retrieve them, but My lady immediately intervened. She took the bag from the chauffeur and threw the douches back across the lot. She then commanded "Pick them up, slave, without bending your knees". I was aghast and mortified but had no choice but to flash my nakedness to the gawking shoppers. Once back in the car, I resumed my submissive proneness along the seat. My lady carefully removed the clips and then sat down next to Asia. I was made to lie on my side, positioning my sweaty butt toward them, with my face pressed into the leather seat. As My lady again lifted up my dress, Asia spoke: "You have trained this fiesty one well, Jane. However, I do not yet feel avenged".

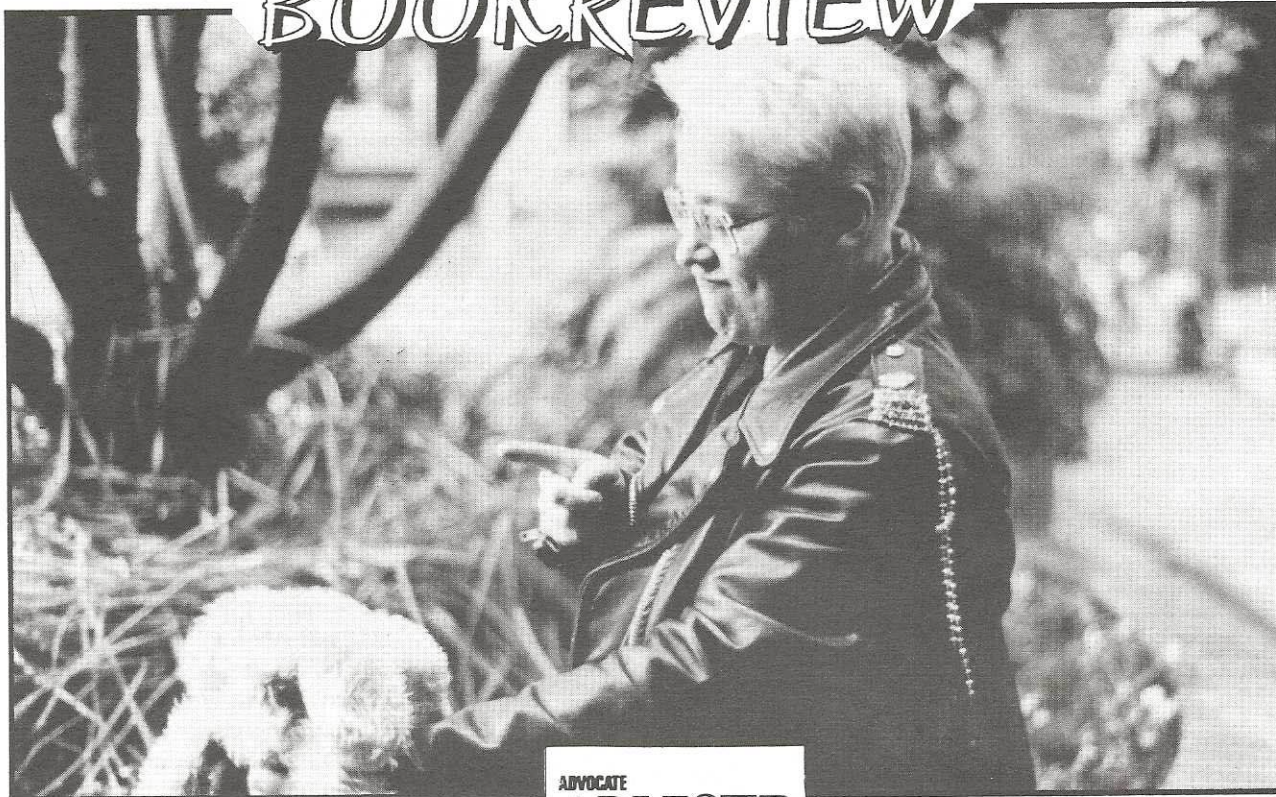
Immediately, My lady pressed the intercom and said "driver, turn the car around at once, and take us to the Club". We drove well into the city and parked in front of a private "members only" club. When we arrived, My lady raised me and removed my dress. She bunched it up in her hand and gave it to the driver when the door was opened. Asia and My lady exited, leaving me alone and naked. As they walked into the Club, they made a stunning couple, and were admired by several of the onlookers. It was an exquisite car that I was left in and it drew the attention of almost everyone who passed. Pedestrians, young and old alike, were moved to peer in through the tint of my glass cage. Upon the discovery of my bare body, however, quite a stir arose. The crowd eventually became unruly and, fearing the police, the chauffeur phoned My lady from the car and received permission to drive off. For several hours I rode nakedly along the city streets, awaiting My lady's call. At 2:13 am the car was finally summoned, and I felt a sense of relief. For almost two hours I had begged the chauffeur to pull over in some desolate area and allow me to pee, but she had ignored my pleas. When we drove up to Club, My lady and Asia were waiting outside for us. The driver opened the door for them. As My lady began to enter the car, the chauffeur whispered something into her ear. My lady then reached in and grabbed me by my arm. She pulled my naked body out onto the street and stood me in front of the limo's headlights.

While fully spotlighted, I was commanded to squat and release my bladder. Because of the lateness of the hour there were no pedestrians, but the several cars that passed beeped as they drove by. When my burning stream finally subsided, My lady handed me a tissue and said "wipe yourself". She then made me walk to the sidewalk and discard the tissue in a trash can. Upon our return to the estate, I was handed over to the assistants. They brought me to the wash room and bathed and powdered me as always. But when they led me to my bed, they laid me down spread eagle and tied me to the posts. The next morning, it was My lady who awakened me. With my limbs still bound, she sat down next to me on the bed. "Do not look at me", she said. "Close your eyes". When I closed them, I immediately felt a warm wetness about my breasts. It was My lady's tongue. Passionately, she flicked her tongue on my nipple and sucked. With her hand, she squeezed and kneaded my other breast. She then used both hands and, while pressing my breasts together, stiffly licked the length of my neck. She moved her mouth back down to my breasts and gently tugged and stretched my nipples with her teeth. My breasts swelled and my nipples hardened, as I writhed in the cunt-soaked bed. Slowly, My lady eased her way up and sucked and blew in my ear. I then felt her hand reach between my legs and massage my cunt.

continued on page 46

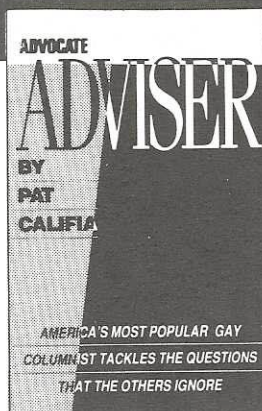


# BOOKREVIEW



If you have questions regarding lesbian or gay lifestyles OR sexstyles and who doesn't, read the Advocate Adviser by **Pat Califia**. For the past ten years she has written an advice column of the same name for a prominent gay magazine. In this book she tackles many difficult questions with humor and gusto. Some interesting questions covered deal with oral lovemaking, rape, infantilism, zoophilia, sex with minors, rimming, anal sex, fetishes, transsexualism, strangulation, bondage, safe sex, and AIDS. Dating, relationships, coming out, marriage, children and breaking up is covered as well in this enlightening book. Check it out !!

**Alyson Publications \$ 8.95**  
**Dept. H-69**  
**40 Plympton St.**  
**Boston, MA 02118**



## **WHIPS & KISSES - PARTING THE LEATHER CURTAIN**

BY: MISTRESS JACQUELINE  
 as told to Catherine Tavel  
 and Robert H. Rimmer

Foreword by Vern L. Bullough  
 - Introduction by Catherine  
 Tavel Afterward by Robert H.  
 Rimmer

"Readable . . . enlightening."  
 - **The Kirkus Reviews**

"I am a Dominatrix. some people call me 'Goddess.' And at this moment, I feel very beautiful and powerful standing in the middle of my dungeon. My studded black leather corset is cut high on my legs . . . Leather boots cradle my thighs and fingerless gloves cover most of my arms. My long, blonde hair is teased wildly above my head, making me appear much taller than I am. Actually, I'm barely five feet, yet I tower over my slave, who is crouched in front of me. We are playing a game." - **from Whips and Kisses**

**Whips and Kisses** recounts the evolution of Alice -- middle-class girl from the Bronx, classic overachiever, and lifelong submissive -- into "Mistress  
**continued on page 45**





## Unlikely Candidate

By: G.C.Dellatte

"You can't actually tell me you're surprised!" I ranted, pacing angrily through the living room. Alanna regarded me placidly, as usual, and stubbed out her cigarette. "Of course I'm surprised, Shelly, and you should be, too." "Why?" "Because you treated her like Princess Grace, honey, and she never appreciated it." I pondered the idea. Maybe she was right, but, as my best friend, I thought she was biased. I'd been dating a woman twice my age, spending my time and money, to the exclusion of all others, just so she could talk me down, and sleep around behind my back. Same old story. Then again, I wasn't any svelte, ravishing beauty. . . "Yeah, but " from the sheepish look in my eyes, Alanna knew what was coming. "Shit, you sound like a broken record with your self-abasement crap," she smiled gently. "So you're not anorexic. That doesn't mean you're not attractive." I nodded, but in my heart I knew it wasn't as easy for me as for her. Alanna was a high school gym teacher, a ballplayer, by all accounts, body beautiful. And there was nothing lacking in personality or facial features, either. What more could one ask? I, meanwhile, we constantly described as "cherubic", and "cute", which is annoying as hell when you're trying to be taken seriously. I tried incessantly to explain that to Alanna, but she blew me off. "Let's put it this way," I

explained finally. "In the overall scheme of dyke sexuality, I am an unlikely candidate." Alanna didn't say another word. She drew herself up to her full height, stretched, and walked slowly across the room. I stepped out of the way. I wouldn't have blamed her for leaving, for having had enough of my morbid harangue. Instead, she stood in front of me, twirling a lock of her long, sun-frosted hair around an elegant finger. The look in her hazel eyes raised a blush beginning at my breasts, and spreading up to my face. It made me feel odd and wonderful all at once. She took a deep breath, and stepped so close to me that her warm breath wafted across my cheek. I thought I knew what was about to happen, but I could only hope I was right. She balanced my chin on the tip of her index finger, and placed her supple lips on mine. I thought I would faint from all the feelings. She was my best buddy, all right, but sexual innuendo had always floated in and out of our conversation. I just thought Alanna was being charitable. When I felt her tongue licking mine, I knew charity had little or nothing to do with it. In the five years I had known Alanna, I had wanted to touch her hair, and stroke her skin. Now that I had the opportunity, I was all but paralyzed. I could barely bring myself to hold her. Alanna buried her face in my neck, licking and nipping. I just stood there, trembling, but not moving. Alanna drew back and looked into my eyes, "Are you okay, Callie?" "Uh, no, but I'll get over it. Just keep doing what you're doing, love." She did. I put my self-

doubts aside momentarily and slid my hands under her lavender Henley to stroke the lean muscles of her back. Once I'd touched her, the impulse blossomed. I tumbled her onto the overstuffed couch. She gasped., surprised. We landed in a warm tangle of arms and legs. Alanna's hands cupped my breasts, and my nipples immediately hardened. As Alanna lifted my sweater, I reached up to extinguish the light. She grabbed my hand, and placed it on her face. I repeated the gesture, and this time, she laid my palm directly on her breast. The light was no longer important. She sucked my nipple into her cool mouth, and the sensation rocketed through me. I was instantly wet. Alanna's mound ground down against mine while her hands and mouth concentrated on my breasts. I tried to reach past her to pleasure her as well, but it seemed she would have none of it. Alanna yanked on my sweatpants, and they slid off. Her mouth was on my cunt before it was even exposed. She licked me from my ass to my clit and back again. Then she stopped. Panic shot through me. Was something wrong? I ventured a glance downward, and saw her studying my pussy, stroking my hair, examining the folds, holding me open. I felt like a bug under a microscope. But her mannerisms were comforting. She entered me with a strong hand, and lapped at my clit while she fucked me. The intensity was amazing. I had never been made to feel like this, though I'm sure my past ministrations had made other women feel





bad girl

fish 91

FISH

it. If she kept this up, I felt I might pass out. Her skilled hands pounded into me mercilessly. Soon, I was moving with the motion of her and her talented tongue. I drew my knees to my chest and held tight to her shoulders, not wanting to suffocate her, but not wanting her to stop, either. The orgasm built like an impending tornado inside. All of my nerve endings were swirled up in one tremendous gust, and my cunt gushed and contracted. I shuddered and growled, uttering Alanna's name. I held her mouth to my clit by her hair, until the last spasms drained all my strength. I lay back, whimpering, my body in a totally other dimension, and my neurotic mind already torturing me with a million questions. Alanna crawled up my body, kissing a northward path to my lips. I mustered up the nerve to look in her eyes. They were clear and composed. "Can I ask you a question?" I managed. "Absolutely." "What are you trying to do to me?" She chuckled warmly, cuddling me, and explained simply, "I'm just doing what you always wanted, Callie. I'm taking you seriously."

Dygressions from p. 5

Thanks to Dyggressions for allowing us to publish this article. Dyggressions is a bimonthly news letter published by and for lesbians. For a single copy send \$3 to: **Dyggression P.O.Box 276 Kenilworth, N.J. 07033-0276**



# BAD ATTITUDE'S GIRLTALK

**Q.** Dear Women, I'm enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope in hopes that someone will take the time to answer my questions (if possible). I saw your ad in "Bad Attitude" and curious/interested in body piercing. Where can you have it done around here? How much pain is there both initially and afterward? Are there any inherent problems? Is the jewelry expensive? piercing? Etc. Etc. Thanks for your time!  
Linda, R.I.

**A.** Having 3 body piercings myself, I do have experience with the subject. I don't know any place in R.I. that does body piercings but there are people in Mass. who do piercings. Little Shop of Horrors call 424-6944 for more info. in Boston does piercings by appointment only. Hubba Hubba in Cambridge also occasionally does piercings by appointment. Raelyn Gallina is a well-known piercer in San Francisco, however she does make excursions to the East coast. Her number in S. F. is (415) 655-2855. Whatever you do make certain the person doing the piercing is experienced. The amount of pain varies person to person. For me there was a lot of pain both in the piercing and in the healing process. Unfortunately my piercing got infected, taking a year to heal. Be prepared to wear loose clothing when you get

pierced. My double labial only took about 1 month to heal. I don't regret for a moment the piercings in fact I want MORE! You can get the jewelry in both stainless steel and gold, gold of course is more expensive. Gauntlet Enterprises in San Francisco and L.A. will send you a catalog if you call them. Little Shop of Horrors also sells the jewelry, as well as Pleasure Chest in L.A. The gauge of the jewelry must match that of the piercing needle. Whatever area is pierced you must **not** have oral or manual contact with the area for several weeks due to the risk of infection. The area must be medicated with hydrogen peroxide and neosporin several times a day. Cleanliness is **essential!!!** If anyone has piercing experiences they'd like to share with BA please write to us.

Do you need unbiased advice about a special problem? Are you confused and upset with no where to turn? If you have a problem, you're not alone. Write us Girl Talk, Bad Attitude's new lesbian advice column, where our resident advisors research and answer selected questions each and every issue. Remember if your problem involves abnormal pain or something that needs medical attention, we advise that you see your doctor immediately. All letters become the property of Bad Attitude and are treated in the strictest confidence.

Please send your question to:

Girl Talk  
c/o Bad Attitude  
P.O. Box 390110  
Cambridge, MA 02139

## Book Review from p.42

Jacqueline," benevolent bitch-goddess, beauty and sensitivity have made her the most sought-after dominatrix on the West Coast. This very personal exploration questions notions that S/M is based on perversion and pain; Jacqueline argues that the act is founded on consensuality and mutual agreement, a "bond" lacking in such truly perverse sexual encounters as rape and other forms of sexual abuse.

**Whips and Kisses** is a startling expose of unspeakable acts that nonetheless brings participants both sexual release and psychic tranquility, a candid portrayal of sexual role-playing that delves deeply into motivation and consequences, and a surprising account of self-knowledge and self-acceptance gained through practice of the most paradoxical sexual contract of all.

**MISTRESS JACQUELINE** is a professional dominatrix, or, as she terms it, "a fantasy engineer." She is working toward a doctorate degree in counseling, and is a contributor to the magazine Chic and L.A. S-Press. **CATHERINE TAVEL** writes for Hustler, Adult Video News, and other adult publications. **ROBERT H. RIMMER** is the author of The Harrad Experiment and the X-Rated Videotape Guide. Ms. Tavel and Mr. Rimmer were co-writers of Raw Talent, the story of adult-film star Jerry Butler that, like Whips & Kisses, is part of Prometheus Books' highly successful "sexual autobiography" series.



237 pages (Suggested  
reading List/Videography)  
\*ISBN 0-87975-656-X\* Cloth  
\$21.95

Publication Date: June 10, 1991

### Salad Days III from p.41

My nethers tingled at her skillful touch. My lady rhythmically circled my folds, intermittently increasing the pressure between my legs. Finally, she slid her hand inside me. "Raise your hips and meet my thrusts", she whispered. I felt my temperature rise. After several deep penetrations, My lady said "Relax, and allow your pleasure to release". Instantly, I felt one final contraction and multiple orgasms burst forth from deep within me. As I came, I arched upward and ecstatically moaned "Oooh, My lady I" I then went limp. My lady stood and raised her foot. With her boot, she pressed the side of my head into the pillow. The feel of her boot against my face invoked within me a primal need for both her mercy and her wrath. With the weight of her boot firmly planted atop my face, she announced "Your time here is at end". My lady's unexpected announcement cut inside me like a knife. I didn't want to leave. Maybe I had been too good, too submissive, I thought. If I hadn't so readily obeyed her, I might have required additional training. In the months I had been under My lady's control, I had completely forgotten that she was not my real mistress. As I got dressed, my mind raced. After being under the firm hand of My lady, I knew I could never serve another. I was left completely empty at the

thought of never seeing her again. Once dressed, I sat down on the bed and sobbed.

### Bottled Up from p.35

approach orgasm I lean back, and drag your head with me. I know that with me pressed hard against your face, and your head held forward you can hardly breath your desperation for breath makes you that much more eager, and the sound of your gasping brings me to the brink. Oh, slave, how I love to hear you struggle, because I know you struggle because you love me! As I come I jam your mouth against me again and again, holding handfuls of your hair tightly. My screams blend with your helpless gasps, and for one timeless moment I feel that we are one body, wracked with pleasure, screaming like animals. And then I collapse against you, releasing your head to fall back against the pillow, as I rest against your chest, catching my own breath and returning to reality . . .

### Home Alone from p.34

the tub. Hilary, now absolutely nude, was helping me out of the bath. At that point I guess my robe's belt got unraveled. By the time I was on my feet again my robe was open . . . revealing my body and an extremely horny dildo. "Oh!" Hilary exclaimed. We looked into each other's eyes. Not hiding my lust anymore, I stared at her . . . "You're a woman," Hilary noted. "Yes, yes I am . . . and I'll love you better than any man ever has." "Oh." My hands began to massage her waist, leaning towards her, I gave

her a little kiss. She didn't resist. She didn't even move. "Umm . . ." a moan escaped from somewhere deep within me as I placed one of my palms flat on her warm stomach. Suddenly, she spoke: "why are you being so passive?" Whaaat?!? Because I didn't want to send you screaming from my apartment, Miss hetero- "But you're-a-woman" . . . I know my clues when I'm slapped in the face with them. Immediately, I dove on her tits: burying my face between them, sucking on each of her amazingly hard nipples and running my tongue all over the curvey flesh. My other hand reached round her taunt, muscular and shapely ass. "Can I sit on the toilet seat?" Hilary asked, sitting down. "I'm feeling awfully weak at the knees." By that time I was feeling pretty creamy as my cum had been running down my legs in buckets. I knelt before her gorgeous presence, looking like a worshipping servant. Yes, many people have their religions or salvations . . . well, this is mine, I thought, staring up at her. Biting her knee gently, I then began to kiss, suck and bite my way along her inner thigh. When I reached her pussy I froze . . . Hilary's cunt was spilt wide, wide open and dripping wet and pink and creamy and - Oh my god! Hilary had taken my face and had shoved it into her slippery pussy. My tongue took on a stronger, newer power . . . it ran hard against her clit and entered way inside her. Hilary was ready . . . I pulled her on the bathroom floor and mounted her glistening, sweaty body. "Ooooooh!" she moaned as my perfect lesbian cock glided into her. "That's it,



Hilary-baby," I said, fucking her in and out. Hilary's pussy loved my rhythm and opened more. Hilary's nipples were hard . . her entire body was one slippery, gliding pool of womanly sweat. I fucked her faster. We both began breathing loud and heavy. "Yes!!" she yelled. Grabbing both of her tits, I held her quivering nipples as her body shook with an incredibly long and intense orgasm. I came too, of course . . for the third time. Yeah, I had come three times and had managed to soak my bed sheets in the process. My dildo was off and I was fucking myself. Yep, it's really true . . sometimes just a good fantasy will do . . . . .

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**Confession of a Living Doll
from p.31**

and tossed the dildo to the floor. She retrieved the knife from under the pillow, cut through the nylons and untied me. "Let's understand something, baby doll. You're not off the hook yet. One day I'm going to ride your pretty little mouth until you're crying for mercy. But you looked so cute spread out like that, that I just want to eat you up. I can't help it." Her eyes lingered on my face. I even thought, for a moment, she was going to kiss me. But instead she got off the bed. "Turn over and push your butt over here," she commanded. It felt good to be able to move around. I got to the side of the bed, turned over, and spread for her as she crouched between my legs. Before I knew what had happened, she'd grasped her arms around my waist, stood, and lifted me, upside down,

completely off the bed. I clung to her jeans, squealing. "My god, I didn't think you were serious!" But she didn't answer me. Her mouth was buried between my legs, sucking my clit hard between her lips, her tongue rubbing furiously against the little hood. I was helpless. I clung to her for dear life, the blood rushing to my head. But my clitoris swelled and throbbed between her lips until it was too much for me to contain. I came, shaking and panting and locking my legs tightly around her neck. She flipped me back over on to the bed, but her weight came down on top of me, her mouth still working my clitoris, mashing into it, and I felt the second orgasm crash over me in no time. I pushed her off me with all my strength. I couldn't take it another minute. I flung myself onto the pillows. I reached around for the blankets. "Had enough, baby doll?" "Yes. I'm exhausted." I curled up under the blanket and watched her gather her things. She put her jacket back on. The sun was just barely visible in the distant horizon on my bedroom window. "I have one more thing I want you to have before I leave. Pull down the blankets for a minute spread for me." "No, I can't take any more of your surprises," I whined, as I pulled the blanket back and spread for her. Her gloved hand pushed something up into me. "Hold it there until I'm gone," she said, and in a moment, she was out of the bedroom and I heard the front door closing. Fascinated, I reached up inside me and pulled out what felt like a piece of paper, a little note. I unfolded it and on it she'd

written: "In case of emergencies, dollface, break down and call." And there was her number. And there was her name and that was only the beginning.

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**Cuntfrontion from p.24**

crashing in over over over  
over over over over over  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
oohhgodmybodiesonfireooo  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
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The Shadow from p.17

morning in damp, clinging sheets that never quite dry. She sleeps. Sleeps inside me and breathless slow . . . waiting for another dark night.

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**Lesbian Love from p.23**

lesbian sex act we could dream up. Unfortunately Maria left to go home to her native country Mexico. I haven't since found anyone to replace this hot dyke. Before Maria left, she told me I'd never find another lover like her again. She even said she put a curse on me so someday I'd find her when I left jail and returned home. Well, even if I never meet Maria again, I can at least be happy to have met her and been her lover, to have served her needs and desires. For now I just look forward to the bright, sunny day when I return to San Francisco to be with all my lesbian friends on Castro Street. I know deep down inside, I've made the right changes and I'll never return to any prison again. I just dream of the day I'll be in a monogamous relationship with just one hot lover, forever and ever.



## Unholy Communion from p.15

have room to move, let alone fuck. I can feel through the walls of her asshole my friend's cock slowly pushing into cunt-space. This. This moment where I know not where she ends and I begin. This altar spread before us, soaked with blood, sweat and cum. Together the abuser and the abused, the privileged and the used worshipping our chosen religion: Hedonism. Together an Unholy Communion of lust and raunch. This is what I live for. My body for your soul . . . Pumping, fucking, our communal pores oozing musty reek as we approach the edge and pull each other over; our slave coming first in long great waves

and dragging us down with her, all pulsating asshole and quivering slit. Later over cups of coffee, dark and bitter, our slut securely stabled for later activities my friend and I muse over the past hours' entertainment. The question of morals arise: Are we simply immoral or just plain selfish bitches? As we listen to the redhead, ours for another twenty-four hours, writhe and painfully protest her confinement in the adjoining room my friend gives me that evil, sideways half-smile and slowly shakes her head. "We are neither immoral nor excessively selfish, my friend," she states. "Rather, we are amoral and therefore in a class by ourselves." I simply stare at her, taking it all in. "Now," she continues, "Finish your coffee and enjoy the solitude, some may say loneliness, of being Great." We look at each other and lose it, laughing

uproariously over the sounds of pain from the playroom. There are, quite simply, not enough hours in the day . . .

# PERSONALS

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**Write to Melissa, c/o  
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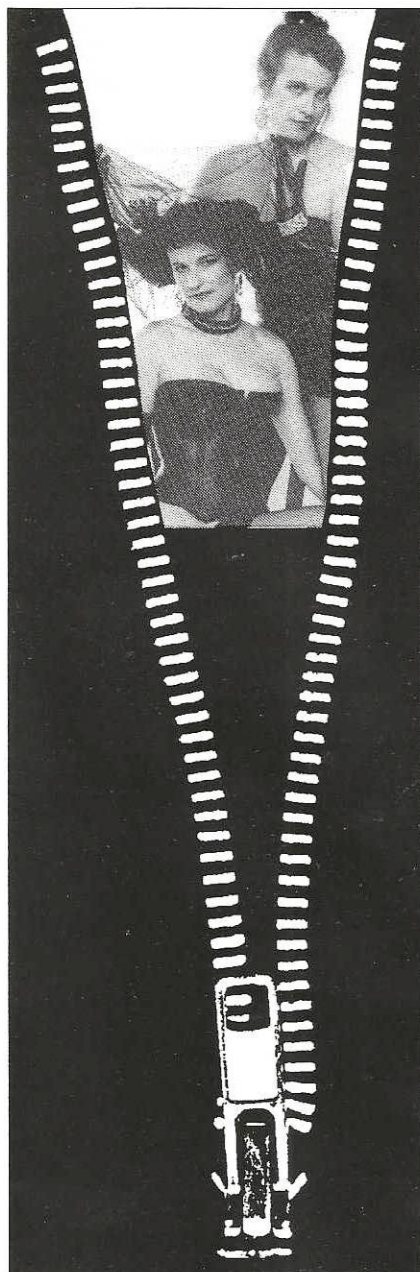
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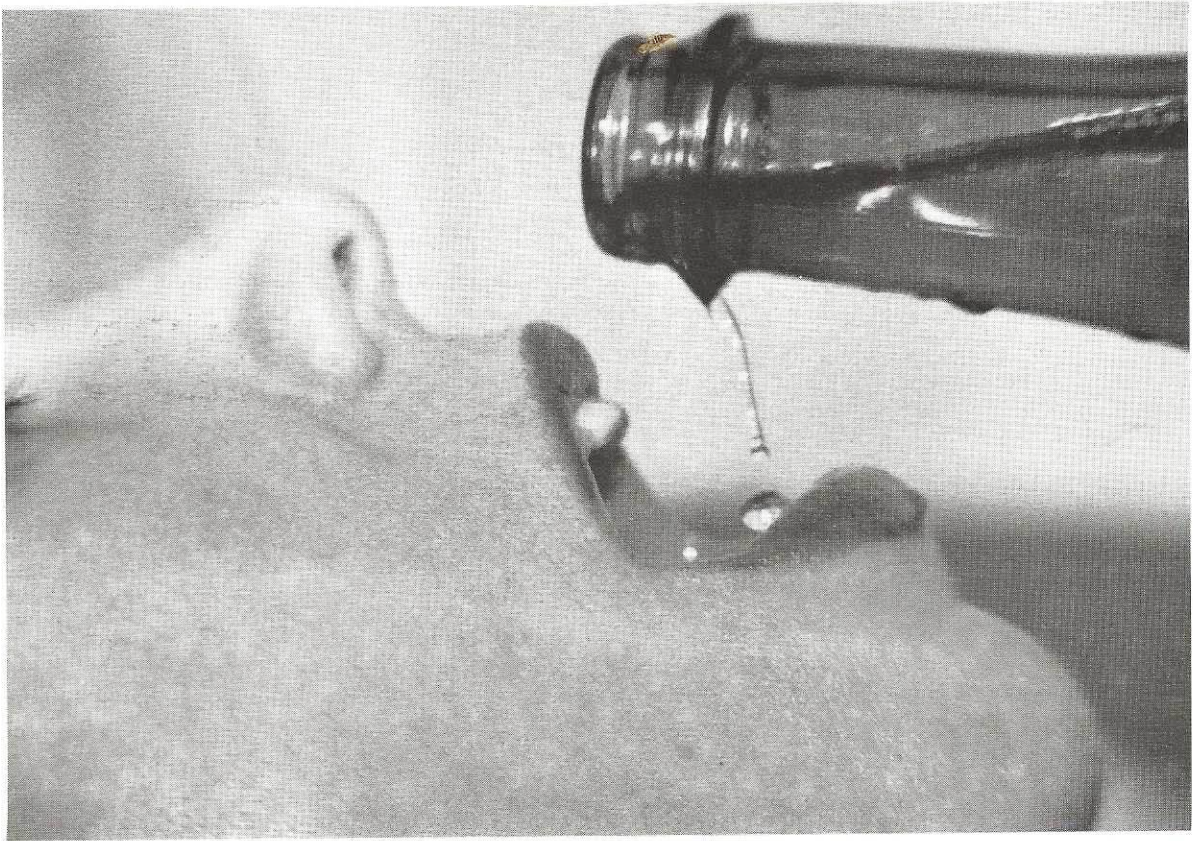
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